

# THE SCOURGE.

FEBRUARY 1, 1812.

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## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No. III. of the *Eccentrics*, from a friend of the writer of No. II. is received.

We thank our Warwick-square correspondent for his observations on the professional talents of Dr. Brodum, and on the professions of a former correspondent. They shall meet with due attention.

Memoirs of a certain Marchioness cannot be inserted, unless the letters themselves be transmitted under cover to the editor.

In our next number we shall resume our political speculations.

We beg leave to suggest to many of our correspondents, that short poetical articles or epigrams, are always more acceptable than long political or moral essays, on subjects on which we differ from their authors, or totally irrelevant to the purposes of the work.

We feel much indebted to a Peeper in Portman-square.

*Love and Law* is incorrect. The lady it is true has been guilty of deliberate and unprovoked adultery; but what cognizance have we over her *misfortune*?

*Characteristics*, and a *Centurion*, are too vehemently personal.

We are obliged to Mr. Clio Rickman for his communication, and shall notice it at a subsequent opportunity.

*A Royal Arch Mason*. We have received the favour of our correspondent under the above signature, who certainly has furnished us with a very long *winded* tale, and in such a strain that we are at a loss to know whether he is *serious* or *satirical*. The subject, however, of his communication he will find in the present Number, in an article from the pen of Censor.

Z. Z. A. We beg leave to acknowledge the receipt of a satirical article in a rich vein of humour under the title of "A Prospectus of a new Monthly Publication, to be called the MONTHLY BLUNDERBUSS;" and we are strongly inclined to promise it in our next. The shaft may be directed against ourselves, but we disclaim the analogy. Venal criticism cannot be too severely reprobated, and we are free to admit that asperity ought not to be used in correcting the errors of dawning genius.

L. is informed that the *rumour* of a tax is not sufficient ground for our enquiry into its merits. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes in his budget the tax he alludes to, it will be then time enough to offer our opinions, which we shall not hesitate in doing constitutionally.

*Justitia*, in reply to Censor's Letters to a Noble Lord shall, if possible, find a niche in our next.

Memoirs of the Earl of K—— in our next.

*Zerobabel*. We have nothing to do with the secrets of private societies: our magazine is not to be the vehicle of private pique. Mr. —— and Mr. W. R. Wright had better shake hands: but if not, in heaven's name, don't let their bickerings disturb any other bre-side than their own.

# THE SCOURGE.

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FEBRUARY 1, 1813.

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THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

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AFTER a long monopoly of a trade, that under more fortunate circumstances might have powerfully contributed to extend our political resources, and avert from our manufacturers the miseries of want and famine, the proprietors of Leadenhall-street are called upon to sacrifice a small proportion of their individual benefit, to the general interests of the British people. Aware that the expiration of their charter would place them in the discretionary power of the ministry, and conscious that so favorable an opportunity of asserting their respective rights, would not be neglected by the merchants and seamen of the outports; they seem to have confided with the most indolent presumption in their own political strength, and to have doubted the inclination or ability of the government, to limit or abolish their monopoly. The hints of the Board, so frequently repeated during the last two years, were regarded as artful and convenient concessions to the popular opinion; and a certain triumph was anticipated at the period of eventual discussion not only over the timidity of ministers, but over the opposition of the independent members of the commons.

Having found, however, to their great surprize, that the ministers are on this occasion are more anxious for the benefit of the country at large, than afraid of the political



resentment of a commercial company, they are reduced to the necessity of supporting their rights, by a united appeal to our feelings and our judgment. To excite our pity, they call our attention to the distress that must be experienced by their numerous retainers and dependants, if "their chartered rights" be exposed to infraction or violation. They tell us that more than five thousand labourers will be thrown out of employ, and that a greater number of tradesmen, who supply the company with the minor articles of provision, and exportation, will be reduced by an unexpected cessation of business, to want or bankruptcy. If this be true, in what a light does it not exhibit the prudence or the humanity of the proprietors! They were well acquainted with the date of the period, at which their charter must expire: the determination of government had been frequently expressed in terms far from ambiguous; and yet they continue without even the common caution of prudent tradesmen, and without determining to provide against contingencies, to support an establishment, and extend a connection, that in one short year might be involved in irretrievable ruin! Caring only for themselves, they regard not the evils that may be inflicted on others, by the suspension or refusal of the charter; neither their tradesmen, nor their labourers receive from these lords of India, the least warning of a danger that they now describe with a pathos so affecting, and an eloquence so obtrusive.

Independently of this improvidence on the part of the company, it is evident that the argument thus derived from the apprehended distresses of their dependants, might be urged at the expiration of any future term for which the charter may be granted, or for the donation of the charter in perpetuity: there will be labourers and dependants in 1900, as well as in 1812; and it is not for us to estimate the value of the present above the future generation.

But the evils that are thus lamented in prospective, exist only in the imagination of the company's advocates.



The extension of the India trade, will give employment in the provinces, and at the outports, to all the hands that might not be retained by the company itself: their skill in that particular branch of trade, would give them a decided and immediate preference over every other description of seamen and labourers; the tradesmen and responsible servants, would find scope for their capitals and their talents, in the extended trade, or in the vacuity occasioned by so powerful a diversion; and unshackled by the despotic influence of a company, on their commercial and professional views, would open to their superiors new sources of individual wealth and national prosperity.

But we are told of chartered rights and the just pretensions of the company. But chartered *rights* exist no longer than the charter by which they are secured: the possession that had been transferred for a term of years reverts at the close of that period to its lawful owner; nor is it more consistent with justice than with modesty, to adduce the former liberality of a generous benefactor as a reason for resisting his just and reasonable demands.

The first of their charters, while it enables them to trade in a corporate capacity, and creates them a perpetual company of merchants trading to India, gives them no privileges to the exclusion of private adventurers. By *chartered* rights, therefore, they cannot mean the rights of their first charter; for the perpetuity of the company as a corporate body, which is called its permanent right, is not affected by the proposed extension of the trade. By a second charter, however, which expires in 1514, they were granted the exclusive trade to India and China. The ministers at first proposed to leave to the company the management of the government and revenue of India, and the exclusive commerce with China, insisting only on the extension of the trade to the out-ports. To this arrangement the company consented, on condition that the provincial merchants should be compelled to land their import cargoes at the port of London, and sell them at the India-house. In support of this proposition they

urged the difficulty of preventing smuggling, and by strong and exaggerated representations obtained from government a tacit and temporary acquiescence in their wishes. On applying for advice and information, however, to the most intelligent individuals connected with the customs, they discovered the extent to which they had been misled; and finally notified to the directors, that the *charter* could not be renewed, unless the company should consent to a free and direct trade between India and the out-ports.

This is in reality that "flagrant breach of chartered rights" which the company represent as "of vital importance, and involving the first interests of the empire:" and although since the demand of ministers for unlimited freedom to the import trade, they have endeavoured, in the vehemence of their rage, to defend the unlimited monopoly, it is too well known that the only point at issue, is whether the imports shall be first landed at the port of London, or taken directly to the place from whence the vessel was originally freighted. Concede the company the monopoly of sales, and they will resign the monopoly of exportation. Nor is it without reason, that they feel so little reluctance to extend the range of foreign competition, and so sensibly alive to every encroachment on their domestic monopoly. From the private trader, how is it possible that the sovereigns of India should sustain within the limits of their own dominions substantial detriment? Their only chance (a chance it must be confessed of immeasurable value to the parent country) of considerable profit, arises from the extension of the coasting trade beneath the sanction of the company itself, or from the admission without discouragement from the Indian government of commodities, which it is not consistent with the convenience of the proprietors to export. To dwell on the means of thwarting the views of independent adventurers, possessed by the absolute masters of the country, must be superfluous; it does not appear, that by any additional clause in the



renewed charter, they will be restrained from counteracting the efforts of every private merchant by the most effectual discouragements; nor if *pro forma* such a clause was inserted, could its violation be scrutinized, or punished by the British parliament. Complaints might arise; the subject might be agitated in the commons, and an unusual ferment be excited in the public mind; but decisive evidence would be wanting. On the part of the ministry the dread of an Indian revolution would be aided by a natural reluctance to confess the incorrectness of their original views; and if the great body of merchants were at length successful, it would not be without a struggle, and a sacrifice, almost proportioned to the question in debate.

But if in addition to these disadvantages of sale and purchase on the shores of India, the homeward freight were consigned to the warehouses of the company, and its owners condemned to competition with the proprietors of Leadenhall-street, on their own floor, the trade of the outports could not be carried on more than a single season. Their profits, even at the average price of the company's sales, would be comparatively trifling, and this price would seldom be obtained by the private trader. The public would gain but little ultimate advantage from the competition; while at the India-house, a new scene of artifice and intrigue would add to the perplexities and the labours of the directors and proprietors.

Now let the trade be once thrown open, and contemplate the benefits that will accrue to the nation at large and to the parties interested! In many commodities wanted by the people of India, and of the first importance to Europeans, it does not suit the views or convenience of the company to trade; many unexplored and almost unknown parts of the Indian coast, that the ships of the company sent out for specific objects could not visit, would become the seats of profitable commerce. New arts and new manufacturers, would excite the emulation, and reward the industry of the British people;



the demand in India for articles of British growth, or manufacture, would be in proportion to the cheapness with which they could be obtained through the medium of unrestricted trade; and for the trade of the continent, the commerce of India would be no adequate compensation. Instead of the few and unwieldy ships of the company, the Indian seas will be covered with vessels, that depend for their safety on the skill of the pilot, and the courage of the crew. Floating castles, the receptacles of Lascars and incurables, will give place to the compact and manageable vessels, that have hitherto been the nursery of British seamen: and the outports will be enabled to dispose of all their necessitous but industrious hands in service connected with the sea.

These are consequences of too much national importance to be sacrificed to the selfishness of the company, or to be abandoned from the prospective terror of possible inconvenience. If smuggling can be prevented in the port of London, the same measures that are there adopted may be resorted to, in a proportionate degree at the outports. If the nation be a gainer on the whole, a minor object must be sacrificed to a greater: nor is the government so degraded or enfeebled as to be restrained from the opening of a lucrative trade, by inability to enforce the payment of its revenues.

Since the charter of 1793, the company has been gradually increasing its debt to the nation, while the proprietors have received a dividend of ten and a half per cent. Their debts abroad amount to more than forty millions, of which four millions are payable in accepted bills on England, many of which are due within the present year, and for the liquidation of which there are no funds at the India-house. They will be compelled, even during the present session, to apply to parliament for relief; and, according to the present comparative state of their receipts and payments, no limit can be foreseen to the existence of the debt. With such striking evidence of mismanagement or unproductiveness on

one side, and of friendship on the other, who would have expected that the determination of the minister would have met with so violent and inflammatory an opposition? The government is naturally unwilling that the possession of a rich and extensive colony should be productive to the mother country of nothing but expence and inconvenience: it is justly unwilling to see, without attempting to remove the evil, a number of pompous and luxurious beings enjoying all the pleasures and importance of wealth, while they remain in debt, without holding out a promise of repayment, and annually solicit the compassion and the bounty of their country. They have resolved to give the honest and conscientious merchant, who pays for what he buys with his own money, and gains nothing for himself till he has satisfied the demands of his creditors, the means of enterprize and of wealth, that in the hands of the corporate body have been neglected or misapplied. To accomplish this object with full effect, the privilege of free importation was not less necessary than the extension of the freedom of export; and we have no doubt that the firmness with which the ministers have acted on this conviction, will be acknowledged with gratitude by every class of the community.

In the mean time the partizans of the company are endeavouring to cajole and to disarm their opponents by circulating, with anxious industry, the report of a compromise between the directors and the government. We have authority to state that no such event has taken place, and that the correspondence, as it now stands, will be submitted to the wisdom of parliament.

*Fashionable Biography.—No. I.*

## MEMOIRS OF EMERALD STAR,

OF THE GREEN ISLES.

BIOGRAPHY is one of the most amusing and instructive classes of literature: it is from the memoirs of illustrious men, we collect the most faithful records of history, that we trace the progress of art and science, and are furnished with the true principles that are to govern and control human nature. Emulation is excited by example, where the deeds are brilliant: and the lives of Cæsar, Philip, and Alexander, have stimulated to heroism many who might otherwise have perished in obscurity, and left no name behind to grace the military page. These have been the great models that have stimulated part of the youth of every subsequent age to a warlike ardour; while others have felt the glow of admiration on perusing the life and actions of Columbus, and have looked for laurels on the ocean. But the spirit of enthusiasm has not been confined to war and discovery—it has been equally excited by the memoirs of every man, who pursued and excelled in any particular study: the virtuous have had their share of emulating admirers, and good principles have been instilled into the heart of many a man, whose faith might have wavered, but that he read the triumphs of virtue over the delusory and fascinating vortex of vicious inclinations and infamous dealings.

\* If example has done so much—which there is no controverting—the memoirs of every man, could they be collected, would not fail furnishing something to improve—something is to be learnt from the lives of Plutarch down to the Newgate Calendar; and though the persons whose names are to be found in the latter work can-



not claim to be called illustrious, they have fairly died for their country, and have furnished examples to our rising youth of the *folly* as well as the depravity of leading dissolute and immoral lives. It is with this impression, we have resorted to the Memoirs of Emerald Star, of the Green Isles; containing, as they do, a more than usual degree of interest, so they are replete with instruction for posterity—a lesson for princes; and may, probably, by holding out example, check in their early dawn, those germings of voluptuous appetite and lustful indulgence, which, as they sink him to a parallel with besotted swine, so they afford a melancholy prospect to the people whom he is to rule, of the just exercise of those prerogatives with which he is invested, and of his guardianship of those liberties with which he is entrusted. What confidence is to be placed in that government, where *women* hold the balance between the crown and the subject—women, *frail* as they are *fair*, who gain their ascendancy by the prostitution of their persons, and consequent degradation from virtue—in princes, who barter high places of emolument and trust for the sexual favours of the lascivious wanton—and in those officers of a court, who, in England, and among European nations, are called the members of the national administration—men, who are appointed to manage the affairs of the people, to husband their resources, to advantageously employ their finances, and by the wisdom of their plans, improve the condition of society, call into vigor the energies of the nation, and make commerce, agriculture, and the arts flourish—what confidence is to be placed in men, who, occupying those high and important situations, invested with those dignified and exalted trusts, see the duties they have to perform, comprised in apostacy to prince and people, when necessary to the retention of their places and fees of office; in being creatures, at all times, to the strongest party, and being ever ready to increase their *own* security and power by bribery and corruption, and the extravagant and profligate

gate expenditure of the public money drained from the people.

Where such is the state of things, the people cannot but be shackled by the most galling fetters that ever tyranny devised ; and such is the state of things in the Green Isles—yes, the poor unhappy subjects of those delightful realms endure all the miseries we can paint, and with spirits, apparently subjugated by misfortune, are reconciled to their wrongs. Oh, happy, happy Britain, how different art thou ! Thy *white* cliffs are typical of thy spotless government ; thou art ruled by wisdom, and thy sons are free ; thy throne is only vacant by the infirmities of thy sovereign ; but the chair *before* the throne is filled—not with a shadow—not with a sunbeam, but a living Prince, a virtuous Regent, who to satisfy his ministers of capacity and moderation, underwent the ordeal of *twelve* months restrictions, and then when he had proved his constancy and zeal, was received with public acclamation, the unrestricted Regent of England—Oh ! happy, happy day ; the news spread with the celerity of an eastern wind, and the remotest corners of the island were delighted, and hailed the prospect of measures ensuring them freedom and peace. To illustrate thy freedom, oh England, let us turn our eyes to the Green Isles, and view there the contrast.---He who never knew the pangs of want, could never feel the blessings of plenty : so in cases of liberty and oppression, he who never felt the light easy breathings of the one, or enjoying that heavenly freedom, the heavy respiration of the other, could not in the first case know the extent of his want, or in the latter appreciate the heart-cheering blessings he enjoyed. In these pages, then, shall Englishmen discern by an attentive perusal, their enviable and admired freedom, placing them on an eminence, as high in happiness as the inhabitants of the Green Isles are sunk low in despair---wedded to their country and their Prince, they shall be stronger bound to both by the tender bonds of affection and fealty, when they learn how benign the spirit of liberty hovers on their shores, and when they

read how wretched are the people of the Green Isles groaning under despotism: the Prince shall congratulate himself, by a comparison with Emerald Star, and shall exclaim with the virtuous voice of resignation to the will of the supreme---“thank God I am *not* the man!”—But to our narrative.

To those who are acquainted with the situation, boundaries and extent of the Green Isles, such details will be unnecessary; to those who know them not, they will be uninteresting—suffice it, that their green sedgy shores are often laved by the foaming billows of the ocean, as most islands are; that the atmosphere is the same as ours, occasionally thick and heavy, or bright and transparent; that the winds blow sometimes boisterous and sometimes light; and the sun and the moon perform their customary course after the ordinance of nature, and are the subject of many *sublime* effusions from the pens of the poets. The men too are fashioned similar to ourselves, walking on their feet, which are attracted to the ground by the earth's specific gravity; while the heads, which as most other heads are, being placed on the neck, and above the shoulders, are filled with an inflammable gas or indefinable mental matter, sufficient to sustain the trunk in an horizontal position, each man has one and no more; yet when speaking of a man of capacity it is common to observe, he has a head for politics, a head for science, a head for the arts, &c. &c. but all this together means no more than one head, which is internally partitioned like a farmer's granary for various growths of husbandry, and stored with a commodity called knowledge of men and things: sometimes indeed the gas being of an oosing nature, creeps through the cracks or apertures of *thin* partitions, and thus an heterogeneous compound is produced, of argument without reason, doctrine without rule, discrimination without judgment, &c. &c. and the amalgamation is far from rare with the inhabitants of the Green Isles. Will it be



believed that bound hand and foot they loudly boast the liberty they enjoy, and holding up their manacles, they look with contempt upon neighbouring nations—exclaiming “ ye degenerate, we alone are free !” and free they are, if a burthensome state ! oppressive taxes ! military power ! and a fettered press ! constitute freedom.

Having briefly remarked the country and inhabitants of the Green Isles, as a necessary introduction to the memoirs of Emerald Star, we shall now confine ourselves to his history ; and by way of proving his *legitimate* right to the crown declare him the principal branch of the genealogical tree of ———— founded by ————. Claims so very clear have established his family upon the throne that the right has never been disputable. 17— was the happy year of his nativity, and the nation blessed it ; his praises rung among the Isles ; poets sung his birth in the loftiest strains of poesy, and songs and ballads were heard in the streets, to old national airs. Whenever he fed upon the milk of his nurse, or slept, or was disordered by the cholic, or inflated by royal wind, or soiled a napkin, bulletins announced the change to the enquiring people, and ended with “ the Prince is doing well ;” which operated as a balm to the agitated feelings of the public, who felt the keenest grief that his little Highness should be subject to the usual incidents of vulgar children !— Soon alarm was excited by the appearance of the small pox, and the following bulletin announced the dreadful discovery. “ Yesterday his Highness Emerald Star betrayed symptoms excrementally of sickening for the small-pock ; a consultation of physicians of the household was immediately held, and a fundamental examination took place, when it was decided that the symptoms were of a nature not to *preclude hope* or *quiet apprehension*.—

Signed

HEAVYHEAD.

FEE-'EM-WELL.

WATER-GRUE.

BRAINLESS.”

Not to dwell upon those painful events, from which not even the exalted birth and rank of the prince could exempt him, let us come to the period when his royal feet were first committed to the ground; and let us fancy the delight with which a wondering public read the account of his cutting his *first* tooth, and walking alone the distance of three yards, from one chair to another. These events were announced in terms of triumph, by the gossip nurses; and succeeding circumstances, of similar interest, were as carefully recorded until petticoats and leading-strings were abandoned for trowsers, short jackets and scholastic studies. The education of princes is no minor subject of consideration, and the learned heads of the land were summoned to aid in the formation of a plan for educating his Highness Emerald Star, of the Green Isles, Prince of Leak Porridge, Electoral prince of Saeur Kraut, Duke of Tinmansland and Bannocksland, Earl of Cheese and Barley-meal, Baron of Sheeps Head Broth, Lord of the Green Isles, Great Steward of Haggassland, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. the eldest born of their most puissant powerful majesties, &c. &c.—So much regal dignity distinguished by so many titles of rank and honor, demanded that more than ordinary pains should be taken in finding out and selecting proper *tutors* for the illustrious youth.—Whether fairies presided at his birth is not known; but sense, genius, and refinement were so comixed in his veins, and circulated so freely, even at this early period, as to give sample of the fairest promise for the future. To nurture these young shoots, to call forth all their energies, was assigned to A———p Mark'em-all, after a deal of deliberation, assisted by a subpreceptor, a learned doctor: and it is asserted that what the a———p and his assistant could not drive into the *head* of the royal student, they attempted to beat in at the *tail*: suffice it that flagellation was not considered as the most applicable resource for princes, and a council was held to consider the propriety or necessity of his Highness's becoming learned, and

the domestic cabinet was greatly agitated by the question, when it was at length determined that A-----p Mark'em-all should lose his authority over Emerald's posteriors, which were transferred to Drs. H-----d and A-----d, who completed the education of their charge, and at the age of nineteen announced him a pattern for youth and a model of perfection. They had, of course, instilled into him, together with a knowledge of books and those accomplishments so necessary to the sustenance of princely dignity, the just value a prince should entertain of his word of honor; they had, of course, modelled his mind in every royal virtue, and pointed out to him that as princes stand upon the most conspicuous pedestal in the pantheon of the world, so their actions, words and thoughts are liable to the most strict enquiry, and that it is vitally essential to the qualities of a good prince, that he should be a man of his word, that his subjects should put faith in him; that he should be choice in his associates, that his subjects should respect him; and that he should never publicly do an act unbecoming the dignity of his station, that he might not thus weaken the attachment of the people to his person, and thus endanger the security of his throne.—Men are frail and will err, princes are but men; but when princes tear from their persons the sacred veil of royalty, and shew to public view the deformity of the human heart—losing their dignity, they become less than men shewing more vice. To dismiss the learned doctors, and their plans of training the pliant mind, let us view the conduct of Emerald Star, on his approaching majority. At the age of nineteen he became enamoured, and afforded his future subjects, in this first affair, an opportunity of judging of his *constancy*—his *honor*—his *principles*! The love of women is so natural to a mind in a pubescent state, that it germs and ripens with it, and if harsh laws are framed, fettering royalty from connubial joys, much may be argued in favor of him who sinks in the lap of nature and worldly error—it is not the



viciousness of the human heart, it is natural passion and the fluttering sympathy of souls that draw man and woman to mutual enjoyment and to sexual love; but if a man roll in voluptuous joys till the sated appetite be palled, there is something unsound in the heart's composition; if he can behold that cheek which he has so often dwelt and gazed upon with delight and rapture, now by his unkindness pale with sorrow, and suffused with the bitter tears of poignant reflection, cruel disappointment and the heart-rending recollection of those perjured vows which ruined her, he can no longer claim to be a man of honour, but a sensualist, a hot, licentious, perjured being, tainted with treachery, with treason, treason against woman, the loveliest ornament of creation.

Emerald Star at nineteen possessed a form rounded in the most perfect model of human beauty—his healthful cheek was animated by a cheerful smile, and his light blue eye, at once brilliant and commanding, beamed with the softest expression when dwelling on the glowing countenance of the fair—that such a man should not attract female notice would have been out of the ordinary course of nature; he claimed, he received universal admiration, at least that sort of admiration which the person stimulated, and which excited hopes of the mind's being perfect as the external form. The unfortunate Mary Roseberry was among the first who fell a sacrifice to this enchantment: she saw him and admired. Emerald glanced his eye upon her, and his heart confessed her beauty. Yes, Mary was in the bloom of loveliness; but unhappily for her, her mind was not impregnated with that virtuous delicacy of sentiment and soul, which could alone secure her from the seducer's smile, and ensure those resigned sensations of joy and comfort which gild the latter days of human life—she was not strongly fortified in virtue, but when Emerald sued, she yielded!—leaving the husband of her choice and all domestic felicity.—Not to be minute in this affair we shall briefly relate that Emerald Star on first beholding the lovely Mary Roseberry, was so enamoured

of her person, that he immediately set about the means of procuring her for himself, and employed a noble Lord of the court, Lord Mallet (now the earl of Calfskin) to deliver proposals to her, which his lordship, in the capacity of brothel-waiter, most punctually performed. It does not appear that the proposals were immediately accepted, from the circumstance of a variety of other communications having been made through Lord Mallet, subsequent to this and prior to an interview which at length was obtained, when articles were signed, sealed, and delivered; an intercourse took place, and Emerald Star was happy as lovely woman could make him, until the novelty of her charms was over, and his fickle senseless heart had seen other females whom he desired, to gratify his thirsting lust. Devoted to vitiated pleasures, and an apostate to every tie of honor, he then shook off the wretched Mary, and the *Right* Honorable Lord Mallet bore to this bleeding heart the afflicting news. At his last interview with Mary he appeared fond and affectionate as ever, yet in *two* days he could coolly and deliberately, without a motive to assign for his conduct, write these few short words--*We must meet no more!*

Unhappy fair one, robbed of the world's esteem, the victim of calumny from diurnal writers, now deserted by the prince who betrayed thee into error; left alone and unprotected to bow thy head in sorrow beneath the wintry storm, what were thy sufferings! Let them not be blotted from the records of woman's grief; let them live a lasting memento of the perfidy of thy ungrateful seducer; a criterion or standard by which to try the value of princes' promises, of princes' protestations. In the hey-day of his passion, and to tempt his prize, Emerald Star had given the luckless Mary Roseberry a bond for *twenty thousand pounds!!!* payable when he became of age; but she, spurning the sale of her charms, returned the rich bequest—wanting, at that period, nothing but the security of his lasting love. Alas! now weighed down by obloquy and public opprobrium! Driven by reproach

from the exercise of those talents which had formerly been the source of her support, she keenly felt pecuniary wants; while Emerald Star, heard, saw, and suffered this hapless victim of his apostacy, sink to the tomb, hurried by the weight of accumulated griefs. She is in the grave—there let the memory of her misfortunes plead in extenuation of her frailty—let it be remembered the vanity of a young and beautiful woman was easily to be stimulated by the marked attentions and evident partiality of a young and accomplished prince!

“To err is human—to forgive divine.”

Emerald Star soon lost the recollection of Mary Roseberry in the fascinating embrace of Mrs. Armstay, who supplied him with her charms upon terms more agreeable to his feelings: she did not bind him to constancy, nor did she herself indulge in that unsociable virtue—free as the winds she wanted, nor felt the parting sigh, but in new faces reckoned on new joys. Variety was full of charms to her, and with such a woman Emerald Star could not but be highly enamoured. The period now arrived when he was to throw off all the shackles of restraint, and was to appear at the head of an establishment supported by an oppressed people—oppressed by the disasters and expences of a ruinous war. The national assembly, in which was vested full powers to grant the money services, voted him an income at once splendid and fully commensurate with the dignity he had to sustain; they likewise granted him an immediate sum to furnish the establishment and to reimburse him for all expences in repairing and arranging the internal department of the noble palace assigned to him. Thus gifted and endowed, did he commence his princely reign; and the eyes of the public were upon him, for although his reputation had somewhat suffered for his connection with Mary Roseberry and Mrs. Armstay, &c. &c. and the cold indiffernt manner with which he



had set aside the former; yet these were youthful errors, not sufficiently great in the eyes of his friends, to deteriorate in any essential way, from the favourable opinions that had been entertained of him. It was now when his thoughts were ripening, and his actions were receiving that scrutiny which inevitably attend the conduct of the exalted in rank, that his future subjects were to form their estimates of him: he was not to be judged upon the standard of common men; but as one who, educated in every virtue, estranged from common vices by association, upon whose mind every attempt was made strongly to impress the absolute necessity of good faith, and by the publicity of his situation, holding out example, rose superior to vulgar minds. Upon this standard was he to be tried, and if he essentially fell from the qualities and conduct of his station, his turpitude would be fully as great as that of the lowest felon by comparison. The crimes of princes are not of a nature with those of the humble mechanic, but they may be more deep and dangerous. On his attaining the legal state of manhood, having been introduced as a member of the upper house of assembly in the Green Isles, and inducted to his separate establishment, he now formed his circle of private friends, and chose them from a list of men commonly termed patriots—men, into whose patriotism, if we were to inquire, we should find impregnated, with very few exceptions, with an intolerant desire for place and power, superseding every national consideration, and absorbing every feeling. The first upon this favoured list was a celebrated anti-ministerial politician and orator, the Right Honorable Caius Marius Renard, a celebrated gambler, libertine, and drunkard—a man who could stoop to any mean and shuffling act in private, or could associate in any abandoned act of profligacy with any set of men; who could and has led his prince besotted from the palace to the night-cellar, and revelled with him in the sink of prostitution—yet a man who could, from such execrable scenes repair to the

senate, and there deplore the vices of the age, and in the most argumentative speech plead for the liberties of the isles. Oh, Heaven! can it be possible that a man so lost to every sense of moral rectitude, could publicly deplore the vices he so much practised, and with so much energy to even shame the vicious—but rest not here, for so manly and powerful was his opposition to the undue influence of the crown, to the rapid encroachments of ministerial power, and the imbecile or ruinous measures of the premier of the day—that he has made the former hang back his hasty strides, and defeated the latter with the most disgraceful discomfiture; yet was Renard inefficient as a minister—he towered alone in opposition. The next was a man of better habits, and more confirmed in sound understanding and splendid talent—his name will live long in the Green Isles, and record will ever mention it with respect, although much of his glory was tarnished in the latter days of his existence by apostacy to his early opinions—he was a host to the party to which he belonged, and Emerald Starsought him not so much for the qualities he possessed, but that it was a sanction for his evident preference of men more adapted to his mode of acting, by entering with avidity into all the follies and extravagances of debauched appetite. The third was celebrated for the brilliancy of his wit, for the liveliness of his imagination, and his being a six-bottle man—he was the life and jest of the upper circles, and his sharp sallies gave a zest to the bottle, and exhilarated the festive table. He was caricatured as Harlequin, but he carried his magic wand in his head, which he used so dexterously, and with such extreme good humour, that he never gained an enemy by its use, or lost a friend. He was a principal leader of opposition, and so warm was panegyric in his praise, that it was said of him, that he never lost sight of the cause of the people, which he advocated under all storms; and that although tempted by the richest baits, and pressed upon on other hands by the severest pressure of poverty, he remained true to the interests he



espoused, and spurned corruption and the means. He was more eloquent than Renard, more vigorous and varied, urbane, easy, and elegant without study; and as his opinions were always presumed to flow from an honest sincerity of soul, his wit was received with rapture, and his argument with conviction. Yet was this man, viewed in the close retirement of private life, a debauchee and drunkard, an unprincipled debtor, of whom the most atrocious acts are related in incurring debts. These three men were only to be viewed like firmamental stars, shining in the expanse, exciting wonder, and of which nothing more is known—but as the domestic friends of a prince, and losing the splendid attractions of their public talents, as the corrupt props of a weak and enervated man, the sensual associates of nervous debility, they filmed the glorious rays they shed at a distance, and were the deserving objects of censure themselves, and of reproach to their royal associate.

Shortly after the commencement of this period Emerald Star was again attracted by the dimpled Cupid who had sought shelter in the fair bosom of a beautiful widow, and he was chin deep in love—her luxuriant form floated on the goblet in his hours of carousal, or dwelt enamoured on his pillow in his dreams. His whole frame was disordered by flitting fancy, which hourly presented her sweet vision to his view, and every effort which study could devise was made to bring her to his arms. Mrs. Fitzmuggins was coy and reserved, and required extra pains to accomplish her; indeed it is said that nothing but a regular contracted marriage would serve her purpose, and that she resolved to refuse his solicitations upon other terms. This was the very severity of payment, for Emerald Star could not accede to her demands without violating the laws of the Green Isles, which went to annul all marriages contracted between prince and subject—besides another insuperable barrier opposed itself, which was, Mrs. Fitzmuggins entertained religious opinions different to his! Now it



never was enquired *what* were the religious opinions of Emerald Star, and whether he entertained *any at all*; but he had been educated under prelates and great dignitaries of the national established church, and it was *presumed* his opinions were in favor of that establishment: indeed he bound himself by oath to support the national church, and a dereliction from this duty was likely to endanger his future crown—however love made such havoc on his heart that it is confidently asserted among the higher orders of the people of the Green Isles that he was PRIVATELY MARRIED to Mrs. Fitzmuggins, and it was even rumoured that this and other secrets getting into the keeping of the editor of a certain violent and declamatory newspaper—for the people of the Green Isles have their daily prints, morning and evening, and even weekly journals which are much read—who threatened to explode the whole affair unless he was snugly accommodated with an annual stipend coming under the class *silence or secret service money*!—Who the man was may be easily learned by reference to the judicial records; we would mention his name, but that the *thing* is too venal for satire, too contemptible even for the slightest notice. It does not agree with our limits to particularize all the little feats of amorous dalliance performed by this interesting pair—suffice it the people were alarmed—the king displeased, and the lash of severity was freely used by independent writers—but the *glorious triumvirate* that surrounded the princely presence shielded him from calumny, offered apologies for his follies, pleaded his youth in extenuation of his conduct, and publicly extolled him as a liberal prince, a protector of the arts, a lover of the people, the organ of patriotism, and the most polished gentleman in the four quarters of the globe: yet they could not shield him from the clamorous tongues of importunate creditors; their plaudits would not *receipt* the tradesman's bill, and it was found that his Highness was embarrassed beyond precedent, that in *three years*, independent of

his splendid allowance, he had incurred a debt of near **THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS!!!**—How was it to be paid?—by what means to be raised? Even his friends and confidential advisers dreaded an application to the national assembly—and the creditors on their parts were so pressed for money that their importunities to their noble debtor were clamorous and unceasing. At length resolution was summoned, and application was made to the throne itself, when the statement of his affairs was ordered, and being found to exceed every calculation that had been made, a positive refusal was returned to interfere in their adjustment or to contribute in any way to their settlement—but what were the secret motives that influenced the king's refusal? what could induce the fond affectionate parent to turn a deaf ear to the remonstrance of a beloved son?—what—but that on investigation some of the debts were of a nature to shock the feelings of a father, while all bore upon the face of them strong marks \* \* \* \* \*. The king refused, and Emerald Star hurt by disappointment determined upon reducing his establishment; and consequently sunk to the station of a private gentleman, in a manner not honorable to himself but highly discreditable to the nation—discreditable not as emanating from the people—they had no hand in it. For several months he adhered to this contracted establishment, when his hopes entirely failing him in assistance from the king, or from the voluntary act of the country, he threw off the semblance of his meekness and forbearance, and invited his private friends to make a communication to the assembly of the nation, calling on them to stand forward and redeem him from his embarrassments, and reinstate him in his princely dignity. It was a bold effort, but it must be done.

It happened that at this time there was a great man in the nation, heading a strong party, and his word was law; he was the right arm of the sovereign, and he was averse to Emerald Star—he was a stern man, of rigid virtue, upon whose cheek was never seen the smile of levity—



he was young but his heart was fortified with good principles, although the chief of his acts were directed by ambition—he saw the dignity of the throne shaken by the loose conduct of Emerald, and he advised that he should be taught by adversity to restrain his passions—and to feel in his own sufferings what were the sufferings of those who parting with their property into his hands were enduring all the horrors which poverty could hurl upon them. However, disregarding popular opinion, cold to reproach, Emerald Star persisted in his application to the senate—his debts were discharged. The angry feeling which this business excited had scarcely subsided, when an event of new interest occurred, and which brought the conduct of Emerald Star to a more severe and scrutinizing enquiry. The king was attacked by an illness of an alarming nature—the throne was not vacant, but the regal functions were required to be supplied, and the question was loudly agitated who should supply the functions—who?—who but Emerald Star, violently exclaimed his friends, that is to say those men who surrounding his person saw future greatness in perspective, and hailed the *rising sun*—but the ministers of the crown dared to stand firm by the throne and the reigning sovereign—they confidently predicted his incapacity but temporary, and resisted with all their strength the *claims* of Emerald Star to the regency—they denied that because he was the ———, he was entitled of course to the regal power—However the upper and lower assemblies of the nation by majorities of no ordinary triumph, at length agreed to the regency of Emerald, subject to restrictions, leaving him a mere phantom of monarchy.—So much for the opinions of the people, founded on the conduct of Emerald Star—and which spoke volumes against him.

(To be concluded in our next.)



# MISFORTUNES; OR, VULGAR GUILT AND FASHIONABLE ERROR.

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SIR,

THE late speech of Lord Ellenborough has given new life to the regions of fashionable pleasure, and restored to animation the adulterous courtiers and licentious matrons who had nearly been ashamed into decency by the strong and universal expression of popular indignation. Scarcely a month has elapsed since the young, the gay, and the luxurious individuals, who lead the career of fashionable pleasure, regarded our judges as little better than ferocious and inhuman monsters, and shrunk with abhorrence from the mention of the courts of law, as the seats of inquisition on the morals and manners of the *beau monde*. Since the charge of Lord Ellenborough, however, their antipathy has been changed into gratitude: it is now discovered that according to the decision of our legal luminaries, what in others would be guilt, is in the minions and satellites of a court, nothing more reprehensible than misfortune; and that the same act, which, committed by a young and ardent, but obscure individual, is an act of unexampled atrocity, calling upon a British jury for exemplary damages, deserve when perpetrated by a nobleman of venerable age and exalted station, a "candid allowance for circumstances, and a due regard to the frailty of human nature."

It is impossible not to observe the consequences of the opinion thus expressed by a learned and able judge, without tracing in idea the various modifications of guilt as affected by the rank in life, the situation, and the fortune of the offending individual; or without endeavouring to speculate on the possible establishment of a law, by which the enormity of crimes shall be diminished or increased in proportion to the birth and wealth of the person by whom they are committed.

If the speech of Lord Ellenborough be supposed to

coincide with the general spirit of the British law, we have been living, for the last hundred years, beneath the terror of statutes that we did not understand, and have foolishly conjectured that the wretches who were hung or pilloried in the Old Bailey were punished for their crimes and not for their poverty: we had superficially conceived that rank and fortune, as they enabled their possessor to learn and perform his duty, and rendered his evil example more injurious to the community, would be regarded in our courts of justice as aggravating rather than excusing the guilt of the culprit. But if *Law* be justly interpreted by *Law*, the possession of an elevated office in the service of the prince is a good apology for every description of licentiousness: the more prominent are the vices of the individual, and the more extensive the circle through which their influence is diffused, the more lenient should be the censure or the punishment to which they are subjected.

It is in a moral point of view, however, and as far as regards the public opinion, that the sentiments of the judge are most productive of singular conclusions: and that those among your readers, who have not observed on the novel doctrines that are advanced in a single passage of Lord Ellenborough's speech, may be awakened to reflection, permit me to state the possible results of the new distinction between vulgar guilt and fashionable misfortune.

An honest and laborious manufacturer, who has from manhood to old age, supported himself and his family in neatness and comfort, is suddenly reduced by the pressure of the taxes, and by the cessation of our commerce, to a state of almost hopeless destitution: for some time he receives a scanty subsistence from the parish, but want and shame urge him to try his fortune at a distance from his native town, and in rags and sickness he forsakes the poor house. To avoid the notice of the parish officers through which he must pass, he is compelled to sleep in the hedges, and to beg from the passing stranger the means of supporting life. To trace him through all



the gradations of absolute and unpitied distress would be useless. Let us suppose that driven to despair by the extremity of hunger, he secretes himself in the pantry of a gentleman's house, and is detected in the act of satisfying his hunger. He is taken before a magistrate; if his prosecutor be humane, and the magistrate intelligent, he may possibly escape with a few months probation in the house of correction; but if the prosecutor be relentless, or the culprit is supposed to have been connected with more notorious villains, he ultimately suffers the final punishment of guilt.

But if through the influence of a P \* \* \*, or a P \* \* \*, a man of regular education and respectable habits, obtains in some foreign country a responsible situation to which a salary is attached, sufficient not only to reward his services, but to gratify his avarice; and if thus secured from temptation, enlightened by knowledge, and bound by gratitude, he pursues for many years a systematic career of extensive fraud; if he converts the money with which he is entrusted to his private purposes, and secretes in a short period of time a sum that would re-establish the peace and comfort of many thousand families, an action at law is the only punishment to which he may be eventually subjected: should that expedient, (which is barely possible) be resorted to, he may in prison enjoy the luxuries of life, and set the public and private creditor at defiance, while his wife is received with welcome in all the circles of fashion, and poor J. is pitied for his *unfortunate error*!

An English nobleman, descended from one of the first families of the country, who passes his days in sleep, and his nights at the brothel or the gaming-house, leaves without concern his plump and willing mate, to the protection of a foreign Bobadil, and serves at home with humble complacency the paramour of his mother, who at the buxom age of fifty luxuriated, with the consent of her husband, in the delights of unrestrained licentiousness. Yet the parents and the son are eulogized in our courts of law, and gently censured by their equals for venial



indiscretion. In the mean time a young and ardent writer, in the vehemence of virtuous enthusiasm, oversteps the limits of legal satire, by hinting that adultery is wicked in whatever circle it may be found. The "infamous libeller, who sports with the feelings of his fellow men," is sentenced to expiate the enormity of his guilt, by long confinement in a distant gaol.

Such is the distribution of justice, and such the bias of English feeling, if Lord Ellenborough's distinction between crime and misfortune be admitted. Let us hope, however, that he was mistaken; in the particular case to which he alluded the duty of the jury was to estimate his lordship's guilt, and they awarded Mr. Massey 20,000*l*. They did not content themselves with pitying his misfortune, and their opinion on the question before them was probably as correct as that of Lord Ellenborough. From the supposition, indeed, that was coupled with his opinion, we may judge of the calmness and perspicuity of his lordship's views. He palliates the selection of vicious parasites by one prince, because it may have happened that similar characters had shared the favor of his predecessor. Conjecture is superfluous when we have before us the evidence of facts. A Sandwich, a Hamilton, a Vernon, and a J——, were either the favourite visitors of the court, or were appointed to their offices from motives of personal *favor*. Whether the selection of ministers, favourites, and maids of honours from the basest and most profligate of mankind, is within the power of the firmest and most virtuous monarch, is a question that I shall not discuss, but the modest caution of his lordship deserves at least the same marks of approbation that are in some instances so much more unworthily bestowed.

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### THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

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N. and L. are the two illegitimate sons of Lord C——y, and were consigned, for the first ten years of their existence, to the care of their mother, a poor woman in the

village of Bromley, under whose maternal superintendence they became early proficient in robbing the hedges of firewood and roasting apples. When they had just arrived at such an age as to be useful in the capacity of errand-boys, Lord C. died, and in the genuine spirit of death-bed repentance, bequeathed to the old lady an handsome annuity, and to the sons, ten thousand pounds each; directing, at the same time, as a condition of the will, that they should be removed to some respectable school, and be permitted to visit their mother only once a year; the last condition was unnecessary, for neither of the brothers saw or heard of her from that period till her death. They were sent by Lord C.'s executor to a boarding-school at Kensington, and after a proper training of five years, committed to the worthy tuition of the Reverend Mr. Thwackum, of L——n, by whom they were indulged in all the corrupt inclinations and idle habits so natural to youth. Foppery was the characteristic of L. and salacity of N. The one expended his pocket-money in furs and otto of roses, and the other in treating and corrupting the virgins of the neighbouring cottages.

At length the time of joyful emancipation arrived, and the fortunate brothers hastened to the metropolis. Their *amazing fortunes* entitled them, in their own opinions, to all the luxuries of life; and as illegitimacy is in the great world, an honor rather than a disgrace, the nobility of their birth was an immediate recommendation to the fashionable circles. Nugent devoted his time and his ten thousand pounds to the pleasures of King's-place; while L—— exhibited in the society of the thoughtless and frivolous beauties of the squares and the parks, the felicity of his puns and the whiteness of his hands. The days and nights of the one were spent in gross enjoyment, or the other in unmanly frivolity. But neither the pleasures of licentious love, nor the enjoyments of fashionable trifling can be obtained without the sacrifice of wealth; at the expiration of the fifth year of their residence in town, the *treasures* bequeathed by their father were nearly exhausted; and, encumbered by debt,

they were condemned to relinquish their favourite haunts for the dismal and solitary seclusion of the Welsh mountains. The journal kept by L. on his excursion to Aberystwith, from which, at the request of his friends, he frequently reads the most interesting passages, exhibits a singular picture of a bustling, but vacant mind, ever active about trifles, and swelling with puerile and exuberant vanity at its own petty and misplaced versatility. It must be confessed, that, unlike the majority of Welch travellers, he can stop and spell, and that the letters written to his friends from the various stages of his journey have as great an appearance of meaning as those of more celebrated tourists; and the subjoined epistle bears the same relation to the production of a man of sense and observation, as Swift's verses by a lady of quality to genuine poetry.

Dear Tom,

I have just arrived here safe after a glorious ride: the sun shining, and a good fresh air. We are quite delighted with the journey, as we saw something that we never saw before at every step of our travels. The air is much more wholesome and refreshing in these parts than in London: and there is more pleasure in driving, as there are few interruptions, the roads being by no means so crowded as in the vicinity of town. The worst of it is there are no decent hair-dressers: and my leather *hose de chasse* have not been purified since I entered the country: which is very mountainous. We sometimes see a meadow and a forest, but more frequently rocks, caves, and precipices, over which if you were to fall you would be inevitably dashed to pieces. Poultry can be obtained for a shilling the couple, which is cheaper than ten shillings, the London price. The peasants are pretty well; but singular as it may appear, know nothing of town: and if you speak to them of Bond-street, or the *Albany*, do not understand you. They are in short very countryfied. The goats here give milk in the same manner as cows. I endeavoured in vain to obtain a sight of the *Morning Post*; a decisive proof of the barbarism in which people live. The nobility and gentry of these parts are more hospitable than during their residence in town, for which I cannot account as the number of people in London who have occasion for hospitality is much greater, and one would have conjectured that men of rank and fortune would have regulated their conduct by so obvious a reflection. Lip salve sells in this confounded place at 2s. per box: I long to be once more among the perfumers of Warren. You requested me to communicate the most important facts and observations that might



occur during our progress, and I have endeavoured to do so.  
 No compliments—I kiss my hand to Lady ———, and remain with much sincerity,  
 Dear ———,

Your affectionate friend, L. L.

They had not resided many months at Aberystwith, before an express arrived, announcing the death of their mother, and the consequent reversion to them of her annuity. Fatigued and distracted by solitude, they immediately transmitted their ready money, to satisfy the claims of their more urgent creditors; and soon after selling a part of the annuity to pay the remainder of their debts, they returned to London. The annual income that remained, was just sufficient to enable them to live cleanly, and dress like gentlemen. They took chambers in the neighbourhood of the palace: and on a scanty income, are the favorite visitors of all the old maids, and amorous matrons westward of the Haymarket. N. pays for his dinner by his person, and L. is the purse bearer, and upholstery agent of the female lovers of scandal, tittle-tattle, and elegant furniture. Not a room can be papered, a stove new modelled, nor a window adorned with curtains, without the advice of Mr. L.: he decides on the drop scenes of private theatricals, and attends *the Countess* to the sale-rooms.

The preponderance of men like these, in the circles immediately below the highest, and above the middle, is at all times to be regretted as extending the empire of vice and the influence of frivolity; but it becomes more peculiarly the object of public reprehension, when licentiousness and folly are rendered more dangerous by envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. By their falsehoods and intrigues; by undermining the bold, and brow-beating the modest, they have driven from the mansions, contaminated by their presence, all that bears the semblance of virtue, genius and decency; and our warriors, our poets, and our artists, all who have been distinguished by bravery, talent, and independence, are condemned to perpetual banishment from many agreeable parties, and interesting scenes, because a N. is successful at intrigue, and L. is "*mighty entertaining*."

## GALLERY OF ECCENTRIC PORTRAITS.—No. II.

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“ Come like shadows, so depart !”

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SIR,

You can hardly conceive what a bustle my last communication has occasioned. At first, all the rigor of Eccentric law was to be exercised upon me, that is, assuming as a fact, that they knew *who I was*. The most zealous among them were for expulsion; nothing short of absolute expulsion would do, for my crime was a heinous one against the majesty of the society, and should be punished by its heaviest decrees. Precedents were immediately sought for: and at length it was discovered that Gale Jones was expelled from the society, for having once published a libellous account of its proceedings. “ Aye, aye,” said Mr. B—l—r, “ I remember he was; and so ought the SCOURGE too.” “ But,” remarked Mr. S—v—e, “ the paper in the SCOURGE is *not* a libel; it is meant to do honor to the society.” “ Honor be damned,” vociferated Mr. M—r—t—m—r. “ I *say* no man has a right to *say* any thing about us, and so I *say* the SCOURGE ought to be expelled—for I *say*”—At this moment, a neat, trim, spruce gentleman, up in the corner, just by the fire-place, a very tidy little gentleman, who looked as if he had just stepped out of a band-box, and appeared not unlike a *brewer's* clerk, pronounced a very learned discourse upon the possibility of detecting an author by his style, and how difficult it was for any author to disguise his style, supposing he wrote with any style at all; and then he threw a very significant glance at Mr. M—d—f—d; ( a lusty gentleman in spectacles, celebrated in this society for eating pork-chops,) and continued his ingenious remarks upon internal evidence, with exquisite critical acumen, and in a modulated tone of voice, as much as to hint to the aforesaid lover of pork-chops,

that *he* was the writer. Meanwhile I, who really was the writer, sat very quietly by the side of my venerable friend, Mr. B—l—r, listening partly to him, who was descanting upon the prices of shares in the Strand Bridge, and partly to my sapient critic in the corner, and

Could not chuse but smile,  
When every coxcomb *knew* me by my style.

But in truth, I have been very much amused at the variety of conjectures, and the numerous opinions which have been hazarded upon my last letter. One gentleman, a very grave gentleman indeed, and a very worthy person, (I wish he sometimes staid later than ten o'clock,) pronounced, "that it was very ingenious, possessed a great deal of wit, and much truth." I was so delighted to hear this, that my vanity as an author almost overcame my prudence as an Eccentric, and I was upon the point of jumping up, to shake him by the hand for his candor; but my dream of glory was of short duration for that night. In about an hour after the above kind commendation, arrived Mr. H—w—gs, and the first thing he asked was if I had seen the article in the SCOURGE. "Not I," was my answer. "It's d——d stupid," he replied. "Have *you* read it?" said I—"No—but I know a gentleman who has, and he told me what it was like." Excellent critic! I thought; but I held my tongue. In a few moments after this conversation, however, I had some reason to hope that my lucubrations would be familiar to all my Eccentric brethren; for Mr. F-r-g-s-n, with true *ore rotundo*, and a smile of invincible good-nature upon his countenance—(that gentleman is always good-natured when he is giving unintentional offence) declared that he would buy a number of the SCOURGE next day, and leave it on the table, for the use of the society. Mr. F-r-g-s-n, however, is notoriously in the habit of forgetting his own existence, and doubting his own personal identity; and possibly when he makes a promise, he finds his bastard slip from



the metaphysical tree of Berkley, as good as a talisman, for it enables him to dispel all unpleasant remembrance of past contracts. "I will not revenge, as King, the injuries done to the Prince of Wales," said one of our monarchs to a courtier, when he was solicited by him to punish the enemies of his youth: and with what an interesting imitative grandeur, might not Mr. F-r-g-s-n have exclaimed, "I will not discharge to-day, the obligation I contracted last night. I am not the same man." (vide Berkley.) And so the society lost the common possession of a SCOURGE.

These, Sir, and a thousand other events did the publication of my last letter give rise to. I was happy, however, to find that I had sketched the characters with so much fidelity that not one of them was misapplied. I rejoice also, to think that no one was rash enough to venture to propose my expulsion: For *who am I?* Some say *I am the Editor of the Scourge*. But I am sure, Sir, *you* can disprove *that*, unless your consciousness of your *own* identity should be as obscure and ingenious as my friend Mr. F-r-g-s-n's. How then can they discover me? and, how can they substantiate the facts in such a way as to produce a verdict of expulsion? Besides, what have I done to subject me to such a sentence? Surely it will not be said that I have libelled the society. Look to the introductory paragraph to my last letter, and let any one pronounce, if they can, that I do not entertain a profound veneration for all its members. My only object is to *extend its fame and greatness*; and, Sir, I have a proof that my labours have not been ineffectual: since my last communication, we have been increased by a member of no small notoriety, and his coming among us was entirely owing to my letter in the SCOURGE. He told me so himself. The person to whom I allude, is the celebrated Mr. Coates, of theatrical fame; and we have an entry of his in our books, which will do immortal honor to his name. If then such be the fruits of my exertions, who

would be hardy enough to propose my expulsion ; nay, would it not be the height of ingratitude to do so ?

You shall hear from me again next month ; and I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

*Great May's Buildings,  
December 19th, 1812.*

OBSERVATOR.

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### BULLION ! OR A PATRIOTIC PROPOSAL:

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SIR,

THE scarcity of bullion, while it affects in a considerable degree the internal happiness and prosperity of England, is still more injurious to the timely and vigorous prosecution of its foreign policy. It appears from an examination of the Walcheren papers, that a prompt and decisive diversion in favor of the Austrians during the campaign of 1809, was rendered inexpedient, by the impossibility of obtaining bullion, with which to pay for the necessaries of life in a part of Europe, no further distant than the shores of the Elbe. Immediately subsequent to the battle of Salamanca, Lord Wellington had only four thousand pounds in the military chest ; and all the supplies of grain, and other necessaries for the army of the Peninsula, are paid for at Lisbon, by bills on London, at a discount of 33l. per cent. Our operations against America will in all probability be impeded by similar obstacles: the scarcity of money was, it may be presumed, the real cause of our late inactivity, when a powerful diversion might have been effected in favor of the Russians ; and the noble subscriptions to the relief of that brave but unfortunate people, will be depreciated in their value and utility, by the necessity of sending out materials, of which some will be useless or superfluous, and the others might be purchased at a less expence in Russia than in England.

Under these circumstances, who can doubt that the great and the wealthy will gladly acquiesce in any measure, that by contributing to the circulation of bullion, may replenish the exhausted resources of the country, and arm the ministry with the necessary instruments of foreign warfare? The late example of the tellers of the Exchequer, who have nobly returned one third of their sinecures to the public purse, may suffice to convince us, that personal inconvenience holds no competition, in the minds of our nobility, with the honor and prosperity of their country. Impressed with this conviction, I venture on my present suggestions, with a confidence that they will excite in the minds of the individuals, for whom they are intended, no other feeling than that of eagerness to display their disinterested enthusiasm in the cause of national happiness and European independence.

It is well known, Sir, that there are in many of our noble and wealthy families, large and useless masses of gold and silver plate: sometimes exhibited for purposes of occasional ostentation, but not less unfrequently consigned to the domestic repository of useless articles. In many families the quantities collected together from generation to generation, amount in value to 20,000*l.* or 30,000*l.*: a couple of closets containing 1500*l.* of bullion, are to be found in every mansion, of which the owner unites an ample fortune to a long line of noble ancestors; a side-board of two or three hundred pounds, is a common appendage to the formal dinners of a country gentleman. Every little family has its golden cup, or its silver tankard; and as many silver spoons are to be found in the houses of private tradesmen, as would almost defray the expences of a mighty expedition.

Now as the introduction of sumptuary laws into the English code would justly arouse the spirit of British freedom, and would be regarded as an encroachment on the personal liberty of the subject, I beg leave to propose that in this instance, example may supply the place of statute; and that the noble and wealthy possessors of



useless and superfluous treasures, should present them as a voluntary offering to government, receiving, at the same time, an equivalent in bank-notes, to be estimated by some standard agreed upon between the treasury and the interested parties. They should, at the same time, express their determination to abolish the use of bullion in their respective families for a certain number of years. Their example would be followed by the individuals and the families immediately beneath them, from a principle of respectful imitation; and the middling classes would be happy, beneath the sanction of their superiors, to have recourse to a mode of increasing their income, diminishing their expenditure, and extricating themselves from the immediate emergencies of the present crisis, by relinquishing a luxury, of which pride alone had prevented the earlier resignation.

To those who maintain that guineas are no better than bank-notes, and that the fluctuations in the price of gold are independent of any change in the value of paper, this proposition will be received as enabling them at once to fulfil their duty to their country and enrich themselves. The masses of useless lumber, and the materials of expensive show, that encumber their closets and beaufets, would be exchanged for the immediate means of substantial enjoyment; and a daughter might be apportioned with the product of ostentatious luxury. The opponents of paper money, if they could not obtain from government a price equivalent to the estimated value of their wares, would doubtless regard the sacrifice of 5s. 6d. in the pound as a trifle when compared with the great object of national emulation. The great and the wealthy could have recourse to other materials of show and distinction, as little within the power of the subordinate classes as gold or silver; the sums would be expended in the encouragement of ingenious workmanship that are now squandered and absorbed in articles of which the materials are too costly to leave an adequate reward for the labour of the ingenious artizan, and the labours of the English glass-

cutter would supersede the superficial dexterity of the Italian engraver.

I am well aware, that to my proposition it will be objected, that the ancient plate of a noble family is more valuable as a relique of its ancestors than as a pecuniary possession. But admitting that the claims of filial veneration are more powerful than the impulse of the *amor patriæ*, it may not be unreasonable to ask, why are these the only relics of their forefathers that they are anxious to preserve uninjured? The progress of architectural innovation has transformed every habitation of our ancient chieftains into a structure, half ancient and half modern; the monuments of the English worthies are removed by their descendants to make room for fulsome erections to the racing and bacchanalian lords, who lately possessed their titles and their property; the family pictures are consigned to the cellar or the garret; and the plate alone is regarded as worthy of respectful preservation. It is natural to ask, whether this fidelity be owing to filial piety, or a prudential regard to the value of the hereditary relics?

Were the example once exhibited, it would be the object of universal imitation. Patriotism and prudence would conspire to substitute for every moveable article of gold and silver the productions of our own country; and there is no reason to fear that the bullion will too soon return to occupy the places from which it was ejected.

Our universities would doubtless vie with each other in their disinterested exertions in the cause of our financial prosperity. It is customary for the fellow commoners at Cambridge, and the gentlemen commoners at Oxford, to present the college to which they belong with a piece of plate at their admission, and sometimes at their departure. These presents, many of them exactly similar, amount at a large college in the course of a year to a numerous collection: they are deposited in places appropriated for the purpose, and may doubtless be estimated, considering the lapse of years, during which the custom

has been observed to considerable sums. The committal of these articles to the melting-pot, would extend the interests of learning, and afford substantial aid to the country and the administration during the present scarcity of bullion. Some individuals will affect indeed, to shrink from the sale of donations that have been made in the spirit of gentlemanly observance and filial gratitude; but the moral criminality or indelicacy of this is by no means so evident as is pretended. Trifles like these, are usually presented as the formal and customary mode of contributing to the funds of the college, or as a gentlemanly substitute for *caution money*. In a few years the names of the donors are only recorded in their own mottoes and inscriptions; and few of the fellow or gentlemen commoners arrive after their departure from the university, at such a height of political or literary eminence, as to render their donations worthy of preservation, as the sacred memorials of exalted talents.

Such, Sir, is the outline of a plan, which in the present emergency might be productive of the most important advantages to the national interest, and contribute more effectually than all the schemes of a Vansittart and a Tierney to the resumption of bank payments, and the expulsion of the French from the Peninsula. If in the course of my observations, I have been unable to suppress a smile of prospective ridicule at the sensation such a proposal will excite among the selfish and avaricious possessors of rank and fortune, I am not the less seriously convinced of its expedience, or of the benefits that may arise from its adoption. Rome was saved by the sacrifice, on the part of its female citizens, of their bracelets and their ear-rings, and the self-devotion of the English people should be more ardent and more conspicuous in proportion to the ascendancy of British liberty above the pretended and delusive freedom of the ancient mistress of the world.

I remain, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

AN INMATE OF HAMPTON COURT.



## FASHIONABLE SIGNS; OR, A NEW FIELD FOR EMULATION.

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SIR,

AMONG the numerous essays of the Spectator, in which he descends from the gravity of the sage, and sacrifices the praise of classical wit to the purpose of amusing his reader by efforts of genuine but unobtrusive humour, his dissertation on the *Signs* of this metropolis is not the least replete with entertainment. The Bacchanal's Arms and the Painted Boot, had, during the early part of the eighteenth century, their full projection and their uninterrupted swing: the walking philosopher in his perambulations between St. Paul's and Charing-cross, had full scope for observation and reflection; and the wanderings of Denon among the catacombs and labyrinths of Egypt, were not more productive of individual pleasure or public instruction than the wanderings of Steele amidst the hieroglyphics of the Strand.

When the suspension or projection of these dangerous and unsightly appendages of the shop and tavern was prohibited by act of parliament; it was found that the sides of the houses did not afford sufficient space for the correct formation, or due display, of all the various combinations of red lions, blue boars, pickled eggs, crowns and anchors, mitres, and golden balls, that had hitherto contributed to adorn and designate the abodes of luxury, or the repositories of food and cloathing. Their possessors contented themselves, therefore, with simply writing on the front of their shops and houses, the name of the device by which they had formerly been distinguished; and except an occasional lion that threatens, though *couchant*, to maim or disperse the crowd below, or the occasional exhibition of a Patagonian boot, few objects of this description delight the eye, or excite the speculations, of the passenger or philosopher.

The causes, however, which have thus precluded

the humbler traders of the East, are unknown to the more favored inhabitants of the west. The ministers to the luxury of others, who boast their vicinity to the more courtly residences near Mary-le-bone or the Park, may exhibit on their wide and obtrusive fronts, whatever devices may accord with their genius or convenience. The fashionable harlots, gamblers, and adulterers, who would blush to rank with the prostitutes of Suffolk-street, or the swindlers of Soho, may allure, by splendid and conspicuous devices, the young, the uninformed, and the licentious; and even the private habitations of the domestic and the virtuous, might be designated by some more elegant and conspicuous ornament, than the simple engraving of the name on a brass plate. These devices should answer on the doors and fronts of habitations, the same purposes with the coats of arms on carriages; and from the striking expression of the character of the individuals within, or of some peculiar circumstances connected with the history of the family, should enable the most ignorant and inexperienced spectator to deduce the name and title of its possessor.

I need not, Mr. Editor, point out the wide and enchanting field that would thus be opened to female wit and manly emulation; while the classical knowledge of the loungee would be called into display, the genius of our neglected sculptors and painters would be excited and rewarded, the refined and delicate taste of our fashionable virgins would be cultivated and developed: a Stroehling might adorn the mansion of a Hamilton, with the portrait of a Sicilian ———; and the fair and immaculate hands of a H—— be employed in moulding the naked figure of a Prince of Wales.

The present system of leaving a fashionable dwelling to be discovered from report, or from the inscription on the door-plate, confounds the stranger, and misleads the unlettered. But were the use of signs, either painted or modelled according to the preceding principles, to be once adopted, the most unintelligent foreigner, or the

most ignorant porter, would immediately recognize the wished-for residence. Of the politicians, who that saw a Bacchus on one side of the door, and a bailiff on the other, would be at a loss to find the habitation of Mr. Sheridan? A perspective view of *Oxford* in an uproar, would lead the most inexperienced pedestrian to the house of a political baronet: Lord Castlereagh's abode might be indicated by a model of the island of Walcheren. Two heads in a bucket, would point out with sufficient plainness the mansion of George Rose; and "a grove of laurels weeping over the statue of Mr. Pitt," would designate the residence of the eloquent Mr. Pytches.\*

The habitations of the popular models of female imitation and fashionable applause, would gratify the curiosity and excite the admiration of the most fastidious spectator. The regions of fashionable freedom, would present an ever varying scene of ingenious expression and voluptuous devices, too plain to be mistaken, and too attractive not to allure the man of pleasure, or the youthful aspirant after fashionable distinction. A painting from the *Harlot's Progress* might illuminate the midnight festivities of a C——; a brazen bull would designate with appropriate effect the residence of Lord Ba——; Mr. Buxton would always be found at the Coach and Horses; the sign of the *bull* would denote the habitation of Lord Hawke: to descend to the third-rate classes of gentility, Dr. Busby and son, with that modesty for which the family is so distinguished, might form an interesting subject of sculpture; *Freddy* seated behind his father on a lame Pegasus, and reading the old inscription above the head of Raymond—

“ We three  
Loggerheads be.”

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\* See the famous speech of that gentleman, on the motion for erecting a monument to Mr. Pitt, immediately subsequent to the death of that great man.



For the purpose, therefore, Mr. Editor, of enabling the fashionable world to give immediate effect to a plan so evidently adapted to answer all the purposes of pleasure and convenience, I beg leave to subjoin a list of signs and symbols accommodated after long and patient study to the temper, pursuits, or connections of the parties to whose names they are attached. From the application of these the composition of any others may be readily deduced.

*Names and Habitations.**Signs and Symbols.*

Carlton-house  
 ——— house

Bushy-park

The Misses F.'s

The Duke of Norfolk

Lord Palmerstone

Mrs. L——m

Lord P. and Lady A. W.

The Duke of C———

The Duke of K——

The Countess

Mrs. S—— S——

The young ——

Lord Essex

Lord Somerville

The Rutland family

The Hertford Arms.

The Horns.

A Jordan.

Dumb *belles*.

The Horse and Groom.

*A Bore.*

The Black Boy.

Cymon and Iphigenia.

The Razor-grinder.

A View of the Fortifications at Gibraltar, with an officer at the halberds.

A Messalina in Bronze.

The Trap.

*La Belle Sauvage.*

The Goat.

The Plough.

The Multiplication Table.

If these specimens, Mr. Editor, excite the notice, or command the approbation of your fashionable readers, it will give me infinite pleasure to make still further efforts for the promotion and extension of the plan. Their liberality will doubtless reward the ingenuity and exertions of an individual, who has thus opened to their view a new and perpetual relief from the monotony of life: and when after having devoted my humble talents in adorning their mansions, their gratitude shall enable me to erect a town residence of my own, I shall place above a Grecian

portico, that like the front of Surgeon's-hall precludes the admission of daylight, as an emblem of the boldness of my plan, and the consequence of its success, a well carved image of

A GOLDEN LION.

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A SEARCH AFTER VIRTUE; OR, CHARACTERS  
FROM REAL LIFE.

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SIR,

BROUGHT up beneath the auspices of a pious and affectionate parent, and initiated in the rudiments of moral and practical knowledge by a tutor who united to the most exalted accomplishments, the purity of life incumbent on his sacred profession; I had early imbibed an ardent enthusiasm in the cause of virtue, and a rooted abhorrence of falsehood, impiety, and licentiousness. As I grew up, these prepossessions were encouraged and confirmed by an intimate acquaintance with the works of our best divines and moralists; nor were the first impressions of religious faith and moral rectitude effaced by the example or the conversation of my university companions.

I had not been long established, however, in this profligate metropolis, before I discovered that however deserving VIRTUE may be of universal admiration, it is seldom that her worshippers are gratified with an opportunity of testifying their reverence. In the *temple* of LAW even the resemblance of "the goddess, heavenly bright" was not to be seen in the mingled commerce of the world. I found that she was an object only of the most irreverent ridicule; and among the religious world fanaticism had usurped the place of rational piety and calm benevolence.

I now resigned the pursuit of virtue among the middle and less intelligent circles of mankind. "A multiplicity

of cares, an immeasurable distance from the scenes of that lofty ambition which despises the gifts of fortune as unworthy of comparison with moral and intellectual pre-eminence; and an ignorance, to the removal of which leisure and talents are not less necessary than inclination, are the true causes," I exclaimed, " of their misfortunes and their errors. It is among the enlightened and the eminent individuals who have risen, by their own talents, to the honours of the church, the senate, or the bar; who feel the lofty but amiable pride of successful exertion; who resolve, with manly fortitude, to preserve, by spotless purity of conduct, the honest fame that they have so laboriously obtained; who know their duty, and are enabled to fulfil it; that virtue is to be found. My birth entitles me to rank with the polished circles of the town; my education will secure me, I hope, from repulse or debasement in my occasional intercourse with learned or celebrated men: I shall scrutinize their manners and their characters with prudent but unsuspicious caution, and when I have discovered the object of my search, it shall be my unremitted study to form my mind and regulate my actions by the model before me."

During my residence at the university, I had read with delight the poetical effusions, the dramatic productions, and the senatorial harangues of the modern Hortensius. I was captivated by the wit, and the chaste and gentlemanly eloquence of his dramatic dialogue. "How enviable," I exclaimed, "must be the lot of that man, who unites to such exquisite delicacy of perception, such a perfect acquaintance with all the minutiae of social propriety; so lofty a sense of personal honor, and so intuitive a felicity of diction! The spirit and manners of the polished gentleman are visible in every line; and the scoundrel is stamped on every feature of his darker portraiture, with a distinctness that testifies how forcibly and powerfully he feels "the strong antipathy of good to bad." How abhorrent must be the habits of this gentleman, from all that is low, indelicate,



and unprincipled: his poetry breathes the inspiration of pathos itself, and shows him to have been formed for the ardor and the constancy of love. His exertions as a senator evince an utter abhorrence of wrong, a love of justice, and the most active and strenuous benevolence."

If you, Mr. Editor, be acquainted with the individual whom I thus admired, while you cease to wonder at my delusion, you will conjecture that it was too easily dissipated. A little month had scarcely elapsed, before I became acquainted with all the vices and all the vulgarities of Hortensius. I found that this polished gentleman, was a beastly and unsightly sot; that this individual formed for the ardor and constancy of love, had (*afflicted*) his first wife, by his indiscretion and extravagance; that this man of honor was a notorious swindler, who never paid a debt in his life; and that this perfect master of the minute observances of polished society, was a driveller and a sloven, disgusting in his manners and obscene in his discourse."

I confessed and regretted my disappointment, but I did not yet despair that virtue might be found. I had frequently met at the apartments of Hortensius, with his friend and political associate the enlightened and the eloquent Cicero. Though sometimes disgusted by his egotism, I wished to regard it as one of those venial frailties, by which the splendor of the most illustrious characters is sometimes eclipsed. I had read with enthusiasm his eloquent harangues in the cause of liberty; I had contemplated his exaltation to the highest honors of his profession with the warmest sympathy; and I doubted not that in domestic privacy, and in the bosom of his friends, he would exhibit the same open frankness of manner that characterized his convivial efforts, subdued by dignity of age, or contributing to the entertainment of a small circle of literary or political friends. I beheld him in imagination, reviewing in the tranquil decline of life, the triumphs of his own talent and application, above the obstacles that equally opposed the asser-

tion of the subject's liberty, and his own professional success; expending the fortune he had acquired in the moderate enjoyment of virtuous pleasure, and in acts of extensive and unostentatious benevolence.

My chagrin may be easily conceived, Mr. Editor, when I inform you that I had not paid many visits to a certain square, before I found reason to confess the folly of my enthusiastic speculations. I witnessed in the conduct and manners of an individual, whose age and station might have averted the suspicion of the most scrutinizing eye; whose public efforts had demanded the applause and gratitude of the British nation; the advocate of the injured husband against the wrongs of the adulterer; and the legal champion of virgin innocence; a gross and indiscriminating libertine, the dupe and the companion of the lowest prostitutes; the tool of pimps, and the prey of the physician.

My disappointment in these two instances, disgusted me with the pretenders to supereminent patriotism, ostentatious declaimers on the dignity of man, and the pleasures of virtue. I determined to judge of the morals and characters of men, by station rather than by profession; and with the genuine spirit of an Englishman, I sought for virtue within the precincts of a court. My father, during his residence in Ireland, had obtained me the honor of an introduction to Lord ———; and though for two or three years previous to his death, he preserved an unaccountable silence respecting his lordship, I could not resist my inclination to call upon an individual so venerable for his age and station. I remembered that he was the friend and confidential companion of his prince; possessed of an ample fortune, and extensive connections. I had already seen too much, to expect immaculate virtue from any individual; but indulged in the belief that a man of exalted rank and extensive intercourse with the fashionable world, would enjoy the bounties of providence in the liberal spirit of an English nobleman, unseduced by profligate blandishments, the generous and

delightful intercourse of fashionable society. Of meanness, treachery, and hypocrisy, I could not have suspected him.

But even in courts my search after virtue was ineffectual. The companion of his prince, the ornament of the palace, the aged patron of aspiring courtiers, had long since incurred the execration of the Irish people by destroying with premeditated villainy the domestic happiness of a respectable and virtuous family; by seducing, under the garb of pious friendship, the wife of a minister of our holy religion, and boasting of his infamy among his titled friends. Within the last two years he has prosecuted with a severity (not disproportionate to its enormity,) the crimes of an individual, compared with whom he is a monster of licentiousness and hypocrisy. While he broods in selfish silence over the most infamous plans of deceit and seduction, he visits the errors of others with the most vindictive and unrelenting severity.

My search of virtue in the circles of the nobility, whether old or young, or the declaimers and the orators, was now completed. Yet I was not quite discouraged from the pursuit; and urged to further experiments by vexation and curiosity, I reverted to the middle classes of society, and to the members of the scholastic professions. My enquiries had scarcely commenced, however, before they were discouraged by the reports invented or circulated against each other by envious old maids, discontented neighbours, and rival physicians. Among the married females I heard of nothing but Mrs. A. or Mrs. B.'s exploits in the annals of crim. con.; the ruin or unfortunate marriage of some late and intimate friend, was the constant theme of narration and remark among the virgins; and the married men endeavoured to instruct and entertain me by recording the cornicular honors of their friends. The physicians pronounced their rivals to be quacks; the lawyers descanted on the meanness and wickedness of pettifoggers; the curate complained of the pride and luxury of the vicar, and the vicar of the idleness



and insolence of the curate. In short, I found that if I believed one half of the world, I must confess the other half to be composed of prostitutes or scoundrels. If they who delineated so frightful a picture, spoke the truth, why should I conclude themselves to be exceptions? and if their representations were false, how could I avoid the conclusion that all mankind were liars and slanderers? Perplexed and disappointed, I have determined to enjoy the world as it is, and no longer to waste my time in the search of virtue.

A TEMPLE STUDENT.

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*Fashionable Biography.—No. II.*

MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
LORD H——.

THE lives of right honorable lords, or those of men of fashion in general, can afford very little subject of interest to those who expect the narrative to be full of wit, whim, or anecdote; but still they convey a useful wholesome lesson, and furnish us with additional proofs of the degeneracy of the present descendants of the old noble stock of the country. Hereditary rank is generally considered the only true nobility: thus the blood of a Howard is extolled, even in the veins of the present head of that family; and that of a Douglas was said to flow pure and unadulterated in those of the late Duke of Queensberry: this may be, but we must confess great weakness in our intellectual sight, and say that in neither of these instances have we been able to discover the intrepid valor, dignity, and noble allegiance of a Howard or the daring spirit, exalted heroism, and patriotic soul of a Douglas. The subject of the present memoir is the immediate descendant of a noble lord, who gained his title by his valour, a gallant admiral, who rung his honor from the resistance of his country's foe; and

by hard fighting, consummate skill, and warrior-like virtue, founded a name for his posterity in the face of death; naval annals commemorate his deeds, and the records of the country will ever prove in him that the qualities of a great man are not inseparable from noble descent, and his son's memoirs will illustrate that, although the title be handed down to after ages, the noble spirit of the founder may die, leaving no vital ray of splendour to succeed it. To travel through the school-boy scenes of his right honourable lordship, would be to unnecessarily occupy our very narrow limits—we never heard that his juvenile days were characterized by any thing better than dulness and stupidity: so humble was he in talent, that he had not ingenuity enough even to be vicious; and we are told, that, at the present moment his *seat of honor* bears ample testimony of the praiseworthy attempts of the school-master to mould him into a something. We shall commence, then, our little history at that period when he claimed to be considered as *a man*, and, by adopting the pursuits of his associates—a *bad one*.

The title and dignity of lord is always a sufficient focus of attraction for all the assuming demireps of the ton: men of long heads and shallow purses invariably fly to the sun of nobility, to bask in its ray and to give them a fashionable entree; and as lords are not celebrated for the quickness of their perception, brightness of discernment, or shrewdness of observation, it is not uncommon to find them duped by a very dull set of sharpers, who, boasting of tolerable figure, an Irish accent, and a good bold undaunted front, in which brass might be seen legibly written in every line, press themselves forward in the train of the great man's dependants, and with perfect ease, assume, what they term—*THE GENTLEMAN!!!*

If Lavater was alive, he would say, studying the portrait before us, that broad and flat forehead bespeaks a brain without mind, those eyes which so feebly and unmeaningly glare upon objects, sight without seeing; but

we will not indulge in such illiberal remarks: we are as Heaven made us, and Heaven alone knows for what purpose he made some, unless indeed, as mere machines for the perpetuation of a family name. His lordship grew into notice as he grew into his estate, and by the time that he had quitted the leading-strings of minority, he found himself surrounded by a very pretty and extensive acquaintance of Irish gentlemen and younger brothers. He was the sun of attraction among such classes, and the weakness of his head and the strength of his vanity, led him to the preference of their acquaintance to shining as a minor light in the presence of more exalted characters. His lordship is by no means deserving of censure for this predilection; he is not the first, nor will he be the last man, who delights in shedding his splendid rays on the obscure gloom of humbler society. Satan says, "better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." His lordship replies, "better be great among the little, than little among the great." Having no immediate will of his own to direct him to any particular pursuit; no predilection for any one pleasure over another, or energy to direct him to a choice; he was much indebted to his associates for advice and guidance, and they to him for temporary loans, which occasionally relieved the greedy creditor, and thus the obligation, to the perfect satisfaction of all parties, was mutual.

Among the most distinguished of his early acquaintance was Col. B—— and Col. O'K——; the former had the principal direction of his purse and controul over his time; the latter was only an occasional assistant leading him to the turf or the bottle: at the former he contrived sometimes to be a considerable loser, and at the latter he was generally in the minority and under the table. Col. B—— was more attentive to his charge; he had had the singular good fortune of attracting the notice of his lordship, at a time when his finances were exceeding low; and as this species of good luck attended him at the gaming table, he turned it to good account, and relieved



him of a few troublesome hundreds that lay idly in his pocket, which were given so cheerfully or rather carelessly that the gallant Colonel contrived to make it the means of a better acquaintance, and actually in a few minutes got as deep into his lordship's favor as he had dipped deep into his purse: from this period he was a constant visitor at ———; and Col. B—— and Lord H—— were inseparable perfect Wiggins's, to be seen every where and at every place.

Notwithstanding the efforts of his friends, Lord H—— had not yet entered the list of notoriety; he had not lost his thousands at a dash; he had seduced no man's wife, debauched no man's daughter. Horrible supineness of soul! His *real* friends could not but deplore such a perfect indifference to his character. What! move in the sluggish round of day and night, day and night, ever in the same ordinary way, indifferent to fame, a perfect stone, cold and senseless!—Oh unnatural nobility—tradesman-like insensibility—open shop, go to work—shut shop, go to bed—up again, and over and over, and no change! It was time to arouse him from such unhappy lethargy, and Colonel B. with his characteristic benevolence undertook the charge. In their Bond-street perambulations the Colonel had often noticed a dashing elegante, the wife of an eminent attorney, but whether celebrated for honesty, or as a qui-tam petty-fogger, is not the question: suffice it, his wife was often seen in the Bond-street lounge, and had received a small share of admiration from the foplings of the day; the colonel had long kept his eye upon her, but was afraid to make his attack from the shrewd suspicion, that the husband wanted to make his money of her in an action of crim. con.; and which suspicion was materially strengthened by some buzzing flying rumours to that effect.

Now the Colonel had not the least objection to a mistress; but as his rank in the army was not attended with the emoluments of a colonel, and his private property consisted of a slender wardrobe in a small trunk, it did not

exactly suit his income to run the hazard of a suit at law for a pretty woman; and he determined, like the monkey in the fable, on using the paw of his friend to rake out of the bars of danger the object of his desire: accordingly he availed himself of the earliest opportunity to break the subject, and made use of the most eloquent persuasion to induce his lordship to the expedient of obtaining celebrity by running away with the lawyer's wife. Under the able tuition of the colonel, Lord H—— learnt, and at length significantly smiled at the fair one on the first rencontre—of course she blushed, and concealed her confusion with her fan: this so discomposed the lover, that the colour *actually* suffused his cheeks, and he hurried away disconcerted and abashed; nor was it until he had walked the whole length of Bond-street, that he recovered from his love-stricken terrors in spite of every attempt of the colonel; remonstrance, however, proved successful in the end, and he was prevailed upon to renew the attack—they turned round, and saw the fair approaching—they jostled—passed—and Lord H—— trembling and embarrassed, pressed her hand—"Bravo, bravo," cried B——, clapping him on the shoulder; "at her again, the prize is yours." This sally of approbation cheered his sinking courage, and they turned round to follow her: she turned—there was no retreat, she was all confusion;—he affected to the life, and would have given half his fortune to have avoided the coming moment. "Courage, courage, man," rallied out the colonel, and the interchange was made of "a fine morning:" "Very, Sir;" "Do you usually walk in Bond-street?" "Sometimes, Sir." "Dear me, how is it so much beauty is left to perambulate the streets alone?" "Oh, you flatter me, Sir," "No, upon my soul;" "You are very good, but—I merely take a morning's walk to see the fashions, while my husband ———," "Your husband—is it possible? are you married?" "I have been married more than three years."—"Can it be possible that so young a creature—will you do me the honor of taking my arm?" "Not for the world, Sir,

I beg you will leave—I really dare not; my character is at stake, and my husband is one of the most jealous of men—I must beg to wish you a good morning”—Lord H—— who had summoned up a world of resolution, was going to bow and retire, glad of the escape, but was restrained by his friend the Colonel, and after a short embarrassed pause, felt himself under the necessity of renewing the conversation, with the old beginning of “It is a charming day;” “Very, Sir,” “But rather sultry;” “Rather so;” “You had better make use of my arm;” “Indeed I had rather not;” “Oh, oh, coming round,” silently whispered the Colonel, and taking this opportunity of leaving them together, he added “Permit me to leave your lordship’s arm for a moment; I see a person on the opposite pavement to whom I have a short communication to make, and will return to you immediately.” Left alone, the lady was a little more complying, and finding that too much coyness would militate against her views, she threw out a few hints that her objections to taking his arm in a short promenade, would not be so invincible in the evening.

Matters were soon arranged; with a great many fears for her reputation, and trembling at the hazard she run, and alarms lest her imprudence should come to the knowledge of her husband, who was a tyrant and brute: she at length consented to a meeting in the evening, when in the deep veil of thickening twilight, her person could be concealed from observations. The meeting took place, and another, and another followed, and the lady was all kind compliance; Lord H—— was moulded into a new man, his diffidence was converted into confidence, and his carriage was frequently seen in the vicinity of Chandos-street, the favored retreat of the pious Mrs ———: rumor was abroad, the public prints buzzed the gallantry; but they were ill-natured enough to say that, although Lord H—— had the credit of being the lady’s protector, Col. B—— was the cher ami.

But good fortune is attended by its evils, as envious



clouds distil rain, darkening an April sun : at one of these meetings, when the gentleman was sacrificing to Venus—death to his joys, terror to his sinking heart, an infuriated husband, attended by a *witnessing* friend, rushed into the room—the wife fainted—the gallant felt his courage, oozing as it were out of his breeches ; all was confusion, the waiters run in and run out ; the chamber-maid was sent for cordial drops—while the husband stamped, foamed, raved till his passion was all exhausted, when he quietly took leave of his faithless rib, contenting himself with an action for damages against the noble lord ;—however, unfortunately for the notoriety of Lord H—— the mischievous daily journals, in speaking of this affair, let loose two or three little anecdotes of the lady's chastity and the husband's golden antlers, which put a stop to legal proceedings ; and the worthy peer was content to give a few hundreds to the complying cornuto, to assist in the regilding his *horns* ; Mrs. ——— lived with him for a few months, sharing her favors between him and the gallant Colonel.

The fortune of our hero at length became materially impoverished ; the suckers had drawn considerably from the stem, and it was absolutely necessary to set the juices once more flowing by supplies to be drawn from a marriage contract. The lady chosen for this occasion we cannot speak of but with veneration : exemplary in virtue, manners, and female feeling, she would have done honour to a nobler bridegroom, and was deserving of a better—but it is one of those unhappy concomitants of rank, that the heart must have little to do in matters of matrimonial speculation : it was justly observed in a late action for crim. con. that on a young lady's attaining the age of sixteen, she must be introduced at court, or brought out, as the term is, and immediately after this ceremony, her parents, guardians, or friends, nominate a husband for her, and the thing is concluded ; she has no will but that of her parents or guardians, and she is led to the altar as to sacrifice.

The amiable Lady H—— brought an ample dowry to her lord, which enabled him to retrieve his broken fortune, and for a time she had controul over him equal to the prevention of much dissipation, and to disconcert the malevolent schemes of those locusts who were again surrounding him. By the mildness of her manners, and the gentleness of her rebuke, she was successful in domesticating him in an eminent degree, and retained during her life the amiable influence. Alas, that was but short!—roses bloom but for a season, and their fragrance passes away. Long struggling with a pulmonary complaint, she at length yielded up her spirit to her Maker, leaving her widower but little sensible of his loss, and with (we believe) four children, who, in her, had lost their only parent.

Lord H—— now left alone to the guidance of his old associates, adopted all their follies from very listlessness, hurried into extravagance with careless apathy, and became every thing they could wish him with the most perfect indifference. He kept his hunters, his race-horses, and his women; he frequented the gambling-table, and betted on the course; in short, he did every thing that he was *bid* to do, and finally brought his fortune to its lowest ebb. It was during this career that he became acquainted with the celebrated Captain M——, a gentleman of some notoriety, whose real name was Captain L——, who had formerly described himself *a baronet* of the united kingdom, and entered into partnership with Jew King, who opened a bank in Portland-place, who was declared a bankrupt, and under whose estate was a debt proved of sixteen hundred pounds, for what are termed in the presence of ladies, *inexpressibles*; who served a short apprenticeship in the King's Bench—who—but soft, we are writing the memoirs of Lord H——, and for the present, have no more to do with the *honourable* Captain, than what his connection with the subject of our memoirs renders necessary. In a future number we shall enter more at large into the private character and

views of this gentleman, and have no doubt of being very entertaining at the time. We before observed, that among the list of his lordship's satellites, was a fiery star whose family had been originally transplanted from the sister kingdom ; his nose had a natural tendency to a ruby-coloured blush, and his meteor-like eyes, lit up by the fumes of port wine, gave a dignity to his countenance, exciting awe and admiration. By some extraordinary combination of events the gallant colonel of whom we are speaking, was assimilated with *Coals*, and the mob, who have no one idea beyond their noses, were in the habit of shouting "Coals and Col. O'K——." This no doubt originated in some little ridiculous affair of no interest, and it is not our province now to enquire into it. Col. O'K——, as the bosom friend of Lord H——, was as might have been readily expected, much chagrined by the successful rivalry of Captain M——, and he renewed his assiduities with his lordship, and exerted himself to the utmost to re-ingratiate himself in his favor.

At this time the Colonel had been induced by some particular friend to become the member of a society of free-masons, to which he afterwards became much attached, and was very strenuous in procuring members to join it : he prevailed upon Lord H., who was proposed in due form, and regularly admitted. Captain M. was his next masonic protegee, who, at the particular recommendation of the Colonel, who had long known him and his *virtues*, was admitted to the same honour, and became to all intents and purposes a member : it was now these satellites of a lord began to jostle in their orbits ; the pique was gaining strength every day, in proportion as Captain M. drew nearer to the sun, the gay colonel fell back, but not without anger, not without all that virulence which characterizes an enraged and discomfited Irishman.

An event soon occurred which gave life and energy to all their acrimony against each other, and which finally



involved his lordship in their feuds. A few doors from Lord H.'s residence in G—— street, resided [an amorous fair, the lady of a worthy baronet, who had long been ogled by her neighbour, and who had returned the leering smile. Although at a distance, they understood each other's meaning tolerably well, and by a repetition of significant nods and winks they were emboldened to the task of accomplishing a private interview. Captain M. was the ambassador of love, while the poor Colonel, panting with vexation and chagrin, and out of employ, determined at the risk of all to mar their sport. Sir W. P—— was a poor easy soul, little suspicious of his fair rib, and careless of antlers, so that he was not made acquainted with their growth. With such a man designs against his matrimonial honour were easily carried into effect, and no energy was wanting on the part of the Captain, to contribute towards it. By the means of successful agency an elopement was at length upon the tapis—the day, the hour, was appointed, and every preparation was made. The Colonel, in the back ground, was made acquainted through his spies, with the precise time of elopement, and he maliciously determined on bringing a very unwelcome spectator of the whole ceremony of departure.

The day was chosen from the circumstance of Sir W. P——'s having a particular engagement to a dinner party, from which it was not likely he would be absent. Her ladyship's fille de chambre was her only confidant, and at the appointed hour her trunks and luggage were carefully conveyed by this trusty servant into the dining parlour. The post-chaise and four were waiting at a very little distance from the door, and Captain M. was seen anxiously watching and waiting about the street for the lady's coming, while Lord H. was tremblingly pacing his drawing-room, and awaiting the signal which was to unite him with his lovely innamorata. This was the critical juncture Colonel O'K. had been so anxiously looking for—his hot and fiery visage might have been perceived shooting its flames

through the dark falls of night on the opposite side of the street, had it imbibed the glow-worm's light : but as it was, it only resembled the smothering surface of a coal-pit, which, in the heat of its appearance only indexed the consuming fire which raged in its bowels. The successful moment was now arrived to mar the project of his rival—he hastened to the husband—told him all—drew him from the dinner-table, and brought him to G—— street, at the very moment the captain was handing the faithless lady into the post-chaise—words of defiance were thundered out both by the Captain and the Colonel, while the lady, abashed and almost fainting, was conducted back to the dining-parlour by her indignant husband. What ensued can be more easily imagined than sketched—Captain M. was dismissed with the disgrace of being detected and discomfited in a bad cause. His lordship immediately left London until the storm subsided. Colonel O'K. remained with Sir W. P——, who, unmoved by the protestations of innocence and true penitence of his lady, relentlessly hurried her into the chaise that was waiting, and trusting her to the care of a confidential servant, sent her into the country to her family and friends. The Morning Post, with its usual *correctness*, and its extensive *resources of information*, ushered this eclairsissement into the fashionable world in so singular a strain of invention, in the absence of all authority, and probably from the mere rumour of their friend, the gossiping postilion, that the parties who were involved in the affair never dreamt of their being the persons alluded to in the paragraph which appeared in that luminous print. The paragraph threw out hints of a frail lady being caught in bed with a favourite footman by her husband and brother, who most unmercifully belaboured the liveried Adonis, beating him until his life was despaired of—when they sent for a post-chaise and four, into which they tossed him without ceremony, and handing the lady in afterwards to her favoured lover, bid the chaise drive off immediately to her friends in the coun-

try!!! Bravo—bravo—Messieurs of the Post. Here was a pretty little tale trumped up without attention to *truth*; but what then? it boasted *novelty*, and it was a piece of intelligence *exclusively* conveyed to your sapient columns.

From this moment was dated the most violent hostility between the gallant Colonel and the procurating Captain: the latter, supported by his lordship, who was the greatest sufferer in the disappointment of his hopes and his pleasing expectations. Colonel O'K. now for the first time found out that the Captain was not a fit companion for gentlemen; and as he had proposed him to become a member of the society of free-masons, so upon *principle* he now felt himself imperiously called upon to vote his *expulsion*, and at the first meeting, with all the dignity of which he was master, he addressed the chair to that effect.

As it is our intention to give in a future number the interesting memoirs of both these gentlemen, drawn from sources of undoubted authenticity, and which we challenge them to rebut, we shall not anticipate the circumstances which arose out of their heated animosity; for the present, we shall content ourselves with saying, that Col. O'K. was completely disgraced in the estimation of Lord H—, who was tolerably liberal in reproaches on his former friend. Now the Colonel was a man of war—he had heard of bullets and gunpowder, and he knew his quondam acquaintance had an antipathy to early rising and a leaden breakfast—thus he came to the determination of sending him A CHALLENGE! hear the result—we were not in his lordship's closet when he received it—we know nothing of the sickly hue which disturbed the freshness of his cheek—we know nothing of the death-like terrors which stopped his blood's free circulation—we only know that his lordship, the Right Hon. Lord H. returned for answer, that as Colonel O'K. had received a challenge from Captain M. and as he had declined the meeting, and refused him (Captain M.) the satisfaction of a gentleman, Lord H. could not consider



him in the light of a man of honour, and must decline meeting him until Captain M. had been satisfied, and so the matter ended as far as his lordship was concerned.

Unfortunately at this season our noble peer's finances sustained a paralytic affection, and the shock was felt with all its usual severity by peer and tradesman. Physicians were called in, but they could not revive an exhausted pulse—*paper currency* ceased to **flow** in its veins; the rats of sheriff's officers with their *fi. fu.'s*, had long nibbled at its extremities, but now they **preyed** upon its heart, and the doctors *una voce* declared that a dissolution was inevitable. In a few days all was over—away went Mister Finance, and away went his lordship; for disliking the country, after sustaining the loss of so *valuable* a friend, he sought in Portugal relief to his cares, and rest from the importunities of his hungry creditors.

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## SCHOOLMASTERS.

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SIR,

I **BEG** leave most earnestly to call your attention to the present situation of a respectable but unfortunate body of men; who, by the late improvements in education, are subjected to actual destitution, or to the prospect of immediate ruin. The persons to whom I allude are the common masters of day-schools, who have devoted the greater part of their lives to the establishment of a connection that may ensure them a comfortable provision in the decline of life, and who find themselves, in consequence of the scholastic establishments of Bell and Lancaster, deserted by their scholars, **unable** to pursue their own profession with success, and unequal to the exercise of any other means of support.

A few of the individuals thus distressed **have been** admitted as teachers into the schools of Bell and Lan-

easter; but the number required is so disproportionate to that of the scholars throughout the kingdom, that not more than one in ten can be thus provided for; and unless some allowance be made by parliament for the individuals who have thus been deprived of a livelihood, the great majority must become a burthen to the parishes.

While the great and the wealthy are vying with each other in promoting the success and rewarding the national services of Bell and Lancaster, they will not surely overlook the humble but honest and arduous labours of those men, by whom the present generation has been trained in the paths of religion and of learning. In promoting the general good, they will surely endeavour to alleviate the partial evil by which their benevolent exertions are accompanied.

In the vicinity of London, at Kensington, Hackney, Peckham, and Kingston, the introduction of the systems of Bell and Lancaster, while it has relieved the burthens of many parents, and contributed to the rapid improvement of the children in knowledge and behaviour, has left many of the ancient and venerable instructors, according to the ancient modes, in penury, or absolute distress.

In those parts of the country where no resource can be derived from a numerous population; and where schools on the ancient plan may be supported by the stragglers, whom prejudice or convenience prevents from having recourse to the modern institutions; as in the villages of Wales, and amidst the mountains of Cumberland, where the offspring of a certain number of families have supported through successive generations, the clerk of the neighbouring church, the consequences must be still more deplorable. Trusting to the benevolence of those views by which your public conduct is directed, and anxious that the present appeal may meet the eye of those who unite the power to execute their wishes, with a heart alive to the misfortunes of their fellow creatures,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ACADEMICUS.

“ SHILLALAH *versus* PLACARD,”

OR,

“ THE RETORT STRIKING !”

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A blust'ring Dragoon from the fam'd coast of “ *Kent*,”  
 (A mere ass in a lion's-skin soldier !)  
 Loudly boasted of late, “ he a challenge had sent  
 “ To a fiery Hibernian,—one ‘ *B-lg-r* !”

“ Loudly boasted,” I say,—but 'twas a mere *Bobadil* ;  
 No challenge e'er pass'd,—tho' he said it :—  
 But *he*, like *Bob Acres*,—his dozens would kill  
 With his *tongue* :—could his *tongue* procure credit !”

This new *fighting Bob*, his famed prototype's part,  
 To the life and the spirit inditing ;—  
 And conceiving,—“ *his foe had left England*,”—took heart,  
 And swore, “ He'd no stomach for fighting !”

Then a *placard* he posted, denouncing as *coward*,  
 And threat'ning with *horsewhip*, his rival :—  
 When lo ! back comes that rival, by luck most untoward,  
 And unthought,—as from death a revival !

To *Dublin* then fled the Dragoon with chagrin,—  
 Pursued by his foe at all hazard ;  
 Who vow'd, in return for his “ *false bullet-in*,  
 A *true bullet* to lodge in his mazzard !

But the *hero* refus'd to stand fire in the field,—  
 Behind a strong “ *hornwork*” tho' posted,  
 And prefer'd—“ to the fate he had menac'd—to yield,  
 “ *To be publicly can'd, and ribroasted !*”

Then with aspect most rueful the crest-fall'n Dragoon  
 For redress, to *law martial* appealing,  
 His *sad drubbing* narrated, in dolorous tune,  
 And pray'd some relief, for his feeling !

“ His feeling ?”—A soldier, and cudgell'd, report  
 To so gallant a court his disaster ?  
 To the shop of his sire let the recreant resort,  
 For an unguent, a lotion, or plaister !



"A soldier, and cudgell'd," and publicly say so,  
While his cudgeller's met in all places?  
All such is the case, when a "*gallipot Thraso*"  
A hero's profession disgraces!

Doff, dastard! that helm,—break in fragments that sabre,  
Disgrac'd by poltroonery so curs'd;  
Nor, by wearing again their insignia,—labour  
To disparage the brave "*Twenty-first!*"

Go, \*pander! go, cuckold!—go, coward!—retire;  
With "*three in a bed*" again quarter;—  
Or seek,—vile Pilgarlick! the shop of your *sire*,  
And pound your *hartshorns* in his mortar!

For what can a court of true honor award,  
"From true honour to such a defaulter?"  
A refuge from shame by a pistol or sword,  
Were too lenient:—*his fate be an halter!*"

TIM. THISTLE.

Thorn Hall, Essex, 9th January, 1813.

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\* This complaisant and accommodating husband,—like  
"*Cato*" of old,—is no fastidious monopolist of his "*cara, et  
Casta Sposa.*"

"But if a friend, a night, or so, should need her,  
Would recommend her, as a *special breeder*:  
Nor with her paramour's complexion quarrel,  
Were it, or brown, or black, or '†*Grey*,' or '†*Sorrell!*'"

†† The names of two of the lady's most favoured gallants, with the latter  
of whom she at present cohabits.

## THE REVIEWER.—No. XVII.

*Rokeby, a Poem, by Walter Scott, Esq. Quarto.*  
*Price 2l. 2s.*

ONLY two years have elapsed, since Mr. Scott committed to the world the best and most successful of his productions; and our first enthusiasm at the appearance of *Don Roderick*, has scarcely subsided into quiescent approbation, before we are called upon to express our opinion of the production before us. We have expressed on many former occasions our unbounded admiration of his genius;—and the brevity that marked our recapitulation of his faults, will best evince our reluctance to censure with asperity, even while our freedom might have been justified by the ardor of our praise. But Mr. Scott, as he has attained the honours of poetical eminence, must submit without resentment to that public scrutiny, which his elevation seems to challenge: having become the model of youthful imitation, it is incumbent on the conscientious critic to point out to the young aspirants after poetical fame, the defects and deformities of that original from which they are about to copy; and susceptible as he is of the loftiest and most finished excellence, the more ardently we admire the splendor of his talents, the more zealous we feel to warn him against the deformities of caprice and negligence, which impede the display of his native excellence.

Did we only consult our own gratification, we should exhort Mr. Scott to obey the dictates of his own feelings and convenience: to compose with a rapidity that precludes the labor of correction, and to commit his effusions to the world, as often as may accord with the interest of his booksellers. In his most hurried efforts, he never fails to communicate delight: while he offends the taste, he captivates the fancy; and we accompany him through a rapid

and intricate succession of events, with an impatience that neither our disgust at his quaintness, nor our indignation at his carelessness, can subdue. In the act of enchaining the reader's attention, and hurrying him along through the rapid progress of his description or his narrative, he surpasses every preceding poet but Ariosto; and though on some occasions this eagerness to go forward, may be ascribed to the lightness and fluency of his verse, that neither detains the attention by fatiguing beauties, nor requires for an intimate acquaintance with its construction extent of knowledge, or purity of taste, yet much of the interest excited in our progress, must be attributed to the genuine influence of poetical inspiration. As a popular writer, however, whose productions have become the standards of national taste, and will be copied with equal enthusiasm in their beauties and deformities by the sons of verse, his example is peculiarly pernicious; and we lament to say that the offences committed in his present performance, against the laws of criticism, are not less frequent, or less criminal, though less obtrusive, than in *Marmion*, or the *Lady of the Lake*. There is only one abortive attempt at humor, and the display of antiquarian lore is only casual and occasional; but he is often feeble, careless and pedantic: his verses are sometimes distinguished from colloquial prose, merely by their typography; and disguises or adulterates the genuine currency of language, by wanton or idle sophistication.

If there be any one species of verse that requires the most fastidious correction, and the most exemplary patience on the part of the poet, it is the eight syllable stanza. The common heroic measure depends for its excellence as much on the cadence of every single line, as on the position of the connective or disjunctive pause, or on the concatenation of the verses with each other. In adjusting the accents, and improving the rhythm of each individual verse, the meaning of every word, as connected with its place in the line, or its appropriate emphasis, becomes the object of unconscious and insensible investigation; and



the best poet will usually become the most skilful versifier. The slightest change in the emphatical words of Pope would enfeeble the energy as much as it diminished the harmony of his verse; and its occurrence in any part of an heroic couplet, would be intolerable. But the melody of the eight line verses, depending chiefly on their concatenation with each other, and admitting the "slur" of many words in a line, confines the poet to little scrupulosity of diction: Mr. Scott has many passages, therefore, that are beautiful in their general effect, and that excite the feelings with uncontrollable power, but yield but little delight on a minute investigation. We can seldom assert of any of his verbs or epithets, that they are the very best that could have been adopted to express the particular mode of action and existence, or the particular object, that they were meant to designate. *Gay* as applied to wit, is only required to complete the line; and were there not a necessity of rhyming to *gain*, "simple terms and plain," might have been understood without the latter of these adjectives. A difficult enigma, he calls a *riddle high*, because the next line ends with *supply*; and *rich and varied*, the common prose combination of epithets, is applied to Shakespeare, because they serve for the last two feet of a verse, as well as any others that occurred. A writer in heroic verse, would, had he possessed the feeblest scintillation of Mr. Scott's genius, have selected some more expressive and original epithets.

He frequently unites the most reprehensible absurdity of diction, with the most unfortunate inaccuracy of rhyme. If the following passage has any meaning, *quenched* is a verb neuter.

That lip had terror never blenched,

Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop *quenched*.\*

Combined with a want of expression, there is sometimes an affected homeliness of phrase, bordering on vulgarity.

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\* This is perhaps owing to a mistake of punctuation.

"Nay mock not, friend, since well we know,  
The near advances of the foe.  
To man our northern armies work,  
Encamp'd before beleagured York."

Had he not been at a loss to complete his verse, he would have contented himself in the subjoined couplet, with the common word of two syllables.

"I could have laugh'd, but lack'd the time,  
To see in *phreneszy* sublime;  
Deem'd like the steel of rusted lance  
Useless and dangerous at once.

The last rhyme is only equalled by the next.

"To aid the valiant northern *earls*,  
Who drew the sword for royal Charles."

In one place he speaks of benighted, or to adopt his own mode of combination, be-evening'd peasants; but benighted would not suit the verse, and he distinguishes them therefore by the epithet *lated*.

"The *lated* peasants shunn'd the dell."

He has not yet forgotten the art of forming compound words in a manner at once pedantic and inexpressive; but the invention of "foam-globes," surpasses all his former efforts of perverse and fantastic ingenuity.

What is the "*swarthy glow* of a flash," or the mockery of a glow?

"The flash severe of swarthy glow,  
That mock'd at pain, and knew not woe."

He omits or superadds the prepositions, as he thinks convenient: he uses the word *countered* for *met*, and speaks of a personage who knows

"In *distant forest far*,  
(meaning probably in a far distant forest)

*Camp* his red brethren of the war."

Many of these, it must be confessed, are verbal errors; but they are errors in which he has persisted in spite of correction, duty, and opportunity: they indicate the "*careless independence*" of their author's mode of composition; and lead us to feel and to regret that the higher beauties of poetry are sacrificed to the same rapidity and indifference, that give origin and continuance to his verbal imperfections and asperities.

Of the unexampled negligence with which Rokeby has been composed, the concluding lines contain the most decisive testimony. It is expected, even of a moderate poet, that he should leave his reader in good humour, and obliterate from his remembrance, by a final effort at pathos or brilliance, the faults and imperfections that have already awakened his indignation or disgust. But Mr. Scott, after leading us through all the mazes of an intricate fable, and exalting his favorite personages to the summit of happiness, sinks exhausted by the effort, and instead of celebrating the felicity so arduously obtained, by the animated display of tributary genius, retires from the presence of the reader in the garb and language of Rosa Matilda.

" 'Twas then the maid of Rokeby gave,  
Her plighted troth to Redmond brave;  
And Teesdale can remember yet,  
How fate to virtue paid her debt,  
And for their troubles bade them prove,  
A lengthen'd life of peace and love."

" Time and tide had thus their sway,  
Yielding like an April day,  
Smiling noon for sullen morrow,  
Years of joy for hours of sorrow."

Many of the occasional songs are hasty and abortive efforts; too brief for the expression of character or passion, and too inartificial to delight by melody of verse or purity of diction. To this general censure, however, we gladly insert the following beautiful exception.



*" The Cypress Wreath.*

" Oh! lady, twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the Cypress tree ;  
Too lively glow the lilies light,  
The varnish'd holly's all too bright :  
The may-flower and the eglantine,  
May shade a brow less sad than mine :  
But lady weave no wreath for me,  
Or wreath it of the Cypress tree.

" Let dimpled mirth his temples twine,  
With tendrils of the laughing vine ;  
The manly oak, the pensive yew,  
To patriot and to sage be due ;  
The myrtle bough bids lovers live,  
But that Matilda will not give :  
Then lady twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the Cypress tree.

Let merry England proudly rear  
Her blended roses bought so dear ;  
Let Albion bind her bonnet blue,  
With heath and harebell dipt in dew ;  
On favor'd Erin's crest be seen  
The flower she loves of emerald green :  
But lady twine no wreath for me,  
Or twine it of the Cypress tree.

Strike the wild harp while maids prepare  
The ivy meet for minstrel's hair ;  
And while his crown of laurel-leaves,  
With bloody hand the victor weaves,  
Let the loud trump his triumph tell ;  
But when you hear the passing bell :  
Then lady twine a wreath for me,  
But twine it of the Cypress tree.

Yes, twine for me the Cypress bough,  
But oh, Matilda, twine not now :  
Stay till a few brief months are past,  
And I have looked and loved my last,

When villagers my shroud bestrew,  
 With posies, rosemary, and rue :  
 Then lady weave a wreath for me,  
 And weave it of the Cypress tree."

The fable of Rokeby possesses neither the charm of simplicity, nor the interest that is sometimes excited by a skilful complication of unexpected incidents. The business of the poem is made to depend on the existence of Mortham, whom his friend Bertram supposes himself to have assassinated, but who escapes with the loss of his horse. There is interwoven with the general business an obscure history of this Mortham's early life; and a boy who had been dropt in the hall of Rokeby by an old Irishman, who died of fatigue before he could tell the history of his mission, is finally discovered to be his son. On such a foundation has Mr. Scott adventured to erect a superstructure, that shall testify his gratitude to the public, and perpetuate his claims to the suffrage of criticism.

Having dwelt with so much minuteness on the defects and imperfections of the poem, it is time to revert to the numerous and splendid examples that it offers to our view, of poetical excellence. The incidents, independent of their reference to the history of Mortham, or dismissing from remembrance the improbabilities and obscurities that embarrass the outset of the story, are skilfully imagined, and are described with appropriate pathos, discrimination, or grandeur. In the delineation of his characters he has far excelled his former efforts, and has probably surpassed in the boldness and minuteness of his delineation, every preceding English writer, except Shakespeare and Milton.

The muscular energy of Bertram, awakened into vigorous activity by the impulse of vehement and relentless passions; his stern and remorseless blood-guiltiness; the buoyancy of his self-possession amidst the most imminent dangers, and under the complicated pressure of mental and bodily anguish, are depicted with a vigour

and distinctness of conception, a grandeur of imagination, and a felicity of expression, only equalled by the three great masters of epic poetry. But it is on the natural, yet interesting portraits of Matilda and Wycliff, that the reader will dwell with the most unmingled pleasure. On the lovely, yet energetic character of the former, Mr. Scott has lavished all his powers; and the mild, respectful, yet ardent love of the latter, are described with a tenderness and beauty, that in themselves atone for many examples of inflation, vulgarity and dulness. Around those scenes that describe the manners, or the actions of Matilda, there is diffused an irresistible yet varied charm, that delights without exciting the turbulence of the passions, and lulls the soul to tranquil extacy. From the delineation of Matilda, Messrs. Southey and Wilson may learn to be interesting without extravagance, and pathetic without monotonous affectation.

The descriptions of Mr. Scott, are probably superior in their poetical character to those of any preceding poet. He indulges but little in that abstract generalization to which his predecessors owe much of their celebrity. He delineates natural objects minutely, yet always with so much skill that they derive grace and beauty from the touches of his pencil; nor are his descriptions of rapid motion or strenuous exertion less striking or original, than his pictures of still life.

Yet on the whole we think the production before us will add but little to the splendor of Mr. Scott's poetical reputation. The dullness of the first two cantos, the want of some great and interesting event on which the fable should be dependent, and to which its incidents should refer; the negligence that marks the composition of the songs and other rhythmical trifles; and the monotony so observable in the *character* of the scenery, will all conspire to fatigue the unlettered and disgust the fastidious. The scholar, the critic, and the lover of poetry will refer to many passages of *Rokeby*, as exemplifying the laws of poetical excellence, awakening the noblest feelings of



manhood, and disclosing the purest sources of mental gratification ; but if he produces many compositions like the present, he will not long be regarded as any thing better than a *haberdasher* of romances, whose workmanship is of finer texture and more exquisite tint, than the manufacture of any other competitor in the market ; but who only makes use of his pre-eminence to gratify without exertion the impatience of his purchasers, and so overstocks the public with adulterated goods, that it gladly returns to more honest, but less skilful traders.

H. C.

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### CENSOR'S REPLY TO A LETTER SIGNED A FREEMASON.

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SIR,

ANXIOUS at all times to expose imbecility, imposture, or folly, I read your communication to the SCOURGE with attention, and with the firm determination of ascertaining if undue influence, or unmerited patronage, conveyed away from the British manufacturer the honor of making the masonic jewel for Lord Moira, or whether it was a due to the foreign artificer excelling in his trade. I employed every engine for the purpose, not having the pleasure myself of belonging to that respected fraternity, and being not at all acquainted with any of the parties alluded to in your letter.

If my enquiries have not been attended with that success which my wishes led me to hope, they have enabled me to form a higher opinion of the British jeweller, and have materially strengthened that impression with which I have long been imbued—that the English nobleman in evident attachment to every thing which is foreign, is content to be the patron of the emigrant impostor in preference to the sterling merit of his own ingenious countrymen ; that he is not only content but anxious to excel his illustrious or noble competitors in

this species of patronage. Yes, Sir, our nobility struggle for the palm of transplanting into a British soil, the foreign exotic; while regardless of those mechanics who support the dignity of the state, and constitute the nation's chief wealth, they suffer them to bloom unknown, and wither in the shade.

It appears that in consequence of Lord Moira's appointment to India, the masonic body determined on presenting him with a testimonial of their esteem, a worthy token of that gratitude which his strenuous exertions in their cause had inspired—this token was to be, upon the motion of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex—a jewel emblematical of their order, set round with diamonds, and the value to be not less than five hundred guineas; the purchase money was not to come out of the funds of the grand lodge, but to be furnished by a subscription of lodges assembling under the grand constitution—the subscription it is found so far exceeding what was proposed or expected, that the jewel has been ordered to the worth of 1500*l.* if we may depend upon the report of the jeweller Burckhardt. You must allow me in this place, Sir, to correct a trifling error in your statement of the Duke of Sussex being appointed treasurer; that is not the fact—a person of the name of White, the masonic grand secretary, is so delegated. His Royal Highness will have the honor of presenting it on the 27th, the day of the grand dinner. Carrying in our recollection that *charity* is the main pillar of the society, the exercise of that noble virtue, the first bond of its unity, let us enquire before we proceed further—whether the gift of a jewel was the noblest means of meeting the wishes of his lordship, or evincing the estimation of the society—was the possession of a glittering bauble desirable to the formers or was it the most valuable testimonial of affection which the latter had to offer?—I maintain, Sir, that neither was the case—that urbane disposition, that noble weakness which has long characterised Earl Moira, and injured his fortune, is guarantee for my assertion of his lordship; and

the known principles of masonry for my assertion respecting that honorable and philanthropic body. But a meeting of a few took place, at which the jeweller Burckhardt was present—when it was determined on in the manner it now stands, and to prevent the possibility of the question being negatived; and another substituted, it was agreed that His Royal Highness should be the proposer at the grand lodge.

An interested few may have thus decided; but according to all accounts, did their determination meet with the warmest and most decided wishes of the body at large?—we maintain that it did not, and although the question was carried unanimously, it was out of respect to the noble mover, and a liberal feeling towards his lordship, a feeling which deprecated the idea of division.

The secret wish was that of presenting his lordship with a jewel of more inestimable worth, one which could accompany him in his retirement, and impart to the benevolent heart, those enviable sensations of truest pleasure which emanate from virtuous deeds, and the exercise of charity.

The calamities which the present long-continued and disastrous war has entailed upon Englishmen, and which has increased the objects claiming charitable relief to an alarming extent, has also burthened the masonic fund to a degree, enabling them to afford but very ineffectual relief to those distressed brethren now claiming to participate its bounty. Thus circumstanced on the day when the jewel was voted, a worthy brother of that society proposed the appointment of a committee, to consider of the best and most efficacious measure to be adopted to extend the fund; asserting that it was at present inadequate to the support of objects requiring their peculiar bounty—a committee was accordingly appointed, and its members are now preparing their report to the grand lodge.

Oh, Sir, what an opportunity was here lost of enrolling the name of Moira upon the supporting pillar of masonry, of presenting him with a jewel fabricated out of the blessings of the poor, the widow and the orphan, and set



round with those glittering diamonds—the sparkling tear of gratitude and joy!

Suppose, Sir, the different lodges had been called upon to subscribe towards the establishment of a fund to be called the MOIRA FUND—a fund for the relief of the indigent mason, his widow, or his orphan, and over which his lordship should have exclusive right of nomination. Would it not have been a noble gift?—what jewel could have compared with it?—what would or could have been more gratefully received by that noble philanthropist?—Do we not know his amiable feeling?—Do we not know that this gallant soldier sinks into weakness, droops into tears at human suffering; and that his overwhelmed heart ever betrays him to the extreme on the side of generosity. By such a man a fund so established, and bearing his name, would have been received as a demonstration of the best wishes of the society, and would have been by far more valuable than had they armed him cap-à-pee in diamonds, and sent him to India with the wealth of Golconda upon his shoulders; nay, although Mr. Burckardt himself had moulded it into all the fantastic varieties of his classic taste.

However a jewel of another nature has been prepared, and one agreeable to the talents of the above-named experienced jeweller; and it becomes us now to enquire how it came to pass that the English mason employed a *Dutch* maker to the manufacture of this mark of their esteem to his lordship, in preference, and to the detriment of their countrymen, labouring in the same employment; and we shall answer unhesitatingly to FAVOURITISM, to the intervention of Mr. Hippolito Joseph Da Costa, and his influence over his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex.

As soon as this glittering bauble was determined on, Burckhardt with apparent carelessness but much concealed craft, offered a few suggestions as to form; and having frequent conferences with the royal duke, and by the aid of Da Costa, he without *solicitation* got the job. Now, Sir, as these gentlemen have thrust themselves

forward to popular observation, let us enquire what are their claims to the sphere in which they move, into which accident and that unblushing confidence, which is the characteristic of a *low bred* foreigner has jostled them—let us enquire who and what is this Da Costa—this associate of a prince, and who possesses such *influence over him*, who dares to make a boast of his ascendancy, and that his friend Sussex *cannot* refuse to see him on every occasion—our enquiries, we observed before, were not attended with the success desired—who he is, is involved in obscurity—inasmuch, indeed as relates to the family from which he sprung, what we have been to collect is simply, that he emigrated from Portugal at the time the royal family of that kingdom sought asylum in the Brazils, and that he came over to this country in the character of a merchant. It is said by some that he became acquainted with the duke at Lisbon, at the time when his royal highness was in that capital, and when his *slanders* propagated that he had *deserted* his duchess the ci-devant Lady Augusta Murray, and who when she followed him was by his influence prevented landing in Portugal. Whether this hear-say evidence be correct it is difficult to determine; but it is certain that since his arrival in England, he has obtained and maintained an ascendancy over the royal duke of an extraordinary nature, and exciting a great deal of conjecture.

It appears that Mr. Da Costa was very early initiated in the masonic mysteries; and if we are to credit his long winded account of unparalleled sufferings in the cause, recently published in *two* volumes with a portrait—we must confess the *secret* has found in him a very staunch supporter, and that he has met with his hair-breadth escapes, his Quixotic adventures, and miraculous elopements in extraordinary measure—nay—we are told of the dungeons, of the holy inquisition, of auto de fe's, and the other diableries of fanaticism, and are sometimes led to believe him fire-proof; for how could he have survived the broilings, the grillings, and fryings so repeatedly



occurring in his narrative, unless indeed he was a perfect salamander?—This mysterious Portuguese immediately on his arrival in England sought out the society for which he pretended to have suffered so much, and gaining by this means a very general introduction to the affluent, the hospitable and the improvident, *forgot* that he was a *stranger*, and *modestly* set himself up as the *patron* of genius in the land in which he had been *fostered*; he became the *deputy* of the Duke of Sussex, and the *rigorous* chairman of a society of Englishmen! Heaven have mercy upon the *delinquent* who falls beneath his lash—or the *necessitous*, whose case comes under his enquiry! But let me ask, is it right that in this land of civil and religious liberty, tolerating all sects, and welcoming all *strangers*, that the *alien* shall assume to himself the birth-right of an Englishman, and become an arbiter among those who have hospitably received him? We have been very accurately informed, and we are aware that these observations will live fresh in the relentless *bosom* of this *unknown*. We have been apprized of one or two instances wherein he has betrayed an unbending and inveterate nature, and could adduce one—but no more—he will understand us; and we shall not be passive should an occasion offer. We shall not be alarmed at his blood-boilings, or his threats of vengeance—his malice we despise. We thank the laws of our country which protect us from the secret arm of the assassin, and we shall not be found wanting courage, under those laws, to meet the ire of the infuriated.—But enough of Da Costa.

Our accounts of Burckhardt have been so various and contradictory that it is impossible to speak of him with any thing like precision; indeed the memoirs of an obscure journeyman, could hardly be expected to furnish more than a few pot-house exploits; and although they would be deserving of notice in a marquis, a lord, or a baronet, yet in the case of Burckhardt would be considered so very natural, that they could not be deserving of censure, unless a few of them came under the denomination of pot-



stealing. But there are some accounts of a man named Burckhardt we wish to record ; but we are not sure, if it is the Burckhardt we mean : indeed we have not been able to identify them at all, and we shall content ourselves with asking, Is this Burckhardt the natural son of a Dutch fisherman ? was his mother a muscle-raker ? and was he got upon the sands in the herring season ? If so, why then he was born as pups are littered, and is indebted to the humanity of a burgomaster's wife for the little comforts he enjoyed until he was fifteen—he was reared by her, and when of an age equal to labour, was employed in a subordinate domestic capacity ; but he was not without his talents : he knew two and two made four, without reckoning with his fingers ; and by way of husbanding his time, contrived to do *two* things at once, such as whistling a national air and rubbing a knife, or warbling an amorous lay and polishing a lady's shoe. At this age he contrived to ingratiate himself so much with his patroness, and was so desirous of learning a *trade*, that she apprenticed him to a jeweller, where he picked up with his profession a few *revolutionary* principles which eventually drove him out of Holland. He became principal speaker at a Dutch debating club, and upon the overthrow of the French bastille, hailed approaching *greatness*. Obligated to leave Holland he sought sanctuary in England, and found ready employment in that great mart of commerce and manufacture, London ; but the same revolutionary spirit attended him here, and progressively as he learnt the language, so he became imbued with, and disseminated opinions, subversive of the existing state of things, and then became a member of a secret corresponding society : government at length, apprised of his proceedings, it was with great difficulty, and the influence of his *master*, that he got liberated from the clutches of the alien laws, and got liberty to remain in the land that had sheltered him, and under the government which had granted him asylum. Burckhardt was no fool—aware of the impolicy of his former pro-

ceedings, resolved on a reform, at least, if not in principle, in appearance; but terrified at the laws respecting aliens, and on no account wishing to change his national residence, he used every effort, raised every resource, and became naturalized. Is the manufacturer of the masonic jewel for Earl Moira the same man? If he is—is he deserving of patronage? If he is not—who is he? These are questions natural to be put, and we shall be happy to receive a reply to our queries from Mr. Burckhardt himself.

It is indisputably the right of every free member of society to employ whoever he may think proper in any species of manufacture; but as such is his right, so it is his duty to encourage worth, and to encourage the mechanism and arts of his own country and his countrymen; and if he swerves from this he becomes liable to the severest animadversion. If princes derogate from themselves, their conduct is deserving of reproof; if the labouring mechanist impudently and arrogantly leaves the tap-room table, turns his back on his old companions, and assumes the rank and privilege of associating with men so far above himself, his imposture must be exposed, his designs detected, and we shall never be deterred in holding either of them up to public censure.

CENSOR.

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MR. ROMEO COATES;

OR,

*THEATRICALS EXTRAORDINARY!!!*

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AFTER writing the above, we began to suspect the propriety of *Theatricals extraordinary*, and suggested to ourselves whether *Extraordinary Theatricals* would not have been more appropriate; but not to triflingly procrastinate the consideration of so great a *luminary*, we dismiss the question, and leave it for the consideration of those who have more time to bestow on such *abstruse* subjects. On Monday, the 11th of January, 1813, a day which will live long in the memory of the lover of the drama, Mr. Coates, the gay, the extraordinary amateur of



*fashion*, vouchsafed to appear before a London audience in the character of Lothario : it will not be easy to conceive, but how much more difficult will it be to convey an *adequate* idea of the amusement which his exhibition excited, and to pourtray *his* delineation of that character ? it was original, unique, bordering upon the semblance of nothing that has been before seen, but varying in every particular from every performer from David Garrick to John Kemble, and from John Kemble down to the lowest drudge of the regular drama. Mr. Coates is the founder of a new species of performing, and the whole representation of this evening illustrated that as he had founded, so he had *opened* a new school, and the dramatis personæ of the evening were his pupils. A Mr. Sims (whoever Mr. Sims may be) was the peculiarly fortunate man who had been able to draw this meteor from his sphere : it was for his benefit, and he has great reason to thank his *stars* for his success. The house was crowded to excess ; very soon after the opening of the doors even the lobbies were thronged, and it was considered as a fortunate circumstance to catch a view of the stage through an open door, left so for the purpose of admitting a little to relieve, and disperse a little of the effluvia of suffocating breaths. Conflicts with the box-keepers, altercations about places, hats off, sit down, turn him out, &c. &c. were the preliminaries of the play, accompanied and varied by the *crow-ing of cocks* ; and occasional cries of "*Coates and his curricie*," and "*the amateur of fashion*" filled up the interval of opening the doors and the drawing up of the curtain—Music, Music, was vociferated from parts of the pit, but music had no charms for the gods of the gallery ; and even *God save the King* and *Rule Britannia* was cried down by *crowings*, *cock-a-doodle-doo*, &c. &c. Coates was the hero of the night, and nothing but Coates could satisfy his impatient audience. At length the curtain drew up, and *Altamont* and *Horatio* made their appearance ; the former a tall gaunt form, whose limbs seemed hung by wires, and so loosely that the slightest breath seemed to blow them into motion ; added to this, his lisping filled up the character of an *unique* in his way. *Horatio*, on the other hand, to the squat broad form of a hog in buckram, added the peculiar accent of a squeaking pig—both of them were *admirable*, and were received with an applause commensurate with their merits—"bravo, bravo" was echoed from every part of the house,



and some peculiarly marked passages were strongly encored. At length the meteor of the evening appeared, habited in a long satin robe, a red silk sash, and the hat and plume of an ancient cavalier. The cocks, as though aroused by the break of morning, immediately began their crowings, and all was delightful confusion and uproar. To try Mr. Coates by any regular standard of criticism would be absurd, we have before declared him a perfect *original*—he is the likeness of nothing we have ever seen, and it is left for us only to notice *his manner*, and judge of other performers who may follow him in the same line of merit, upon his basis. Master Betty in the zenith of his attraction, never drew greater crowds; and if that circumstance is sufficient to establish excellence, it is too late now to enquire after the talents of Mr. Coates; his excellence is sufficiently established. But to the scene and the actor, and first of all to those who have not *seen* this mimic wonder, let us say something of his person—the person of an *amateur of fashion*, and the figure essentially requisite to *make* a performer in the Coateanian school. Mr. Coates is tall and lank, like a departed shadow, and his long joints seem to have suffered all the distortion and torture which the Procrustine bed could inflict in trying to drag him into length—his countenance is inflexibly rigid against depicting any one feeling—his smile is of a nature not to be understood; his eye is gazeless, and his nose seems to have been at eternal variation with his chin; for as the one has a natural inclination to cock up, so the other is demurely down, like that of the Emperor Longoheadiano in the new pantomime. His action is that of a wired skeleton in a glass case—no sooner one part is set going than the other limbs chime into the harmony of motion. His voice is slow-paced, monotonous, and cold in utterance, like to the shrill wind whistling in November through a snow-clad grove. His judgment cannot be expressed, it sets at defiance every common rule; his discriminating powers absolutely giving as well as a new reading a *new meaning* to the lines of his author, and such a one as, no *ordinary* capacity could suspect or arrive at—it clearly demonstrates that our tragic writers never had it in view making their heroes *serious*, but light and *fantastically* amorous. To these mental and corporeal qualifications Mr. Coates adds the notoriety of driving a curricule, built in the form of a *pot de chambre*, on the pannel of which is a cock for his

arms, and ‘*While I live I’ll crow,*’ for his motto; the harness of his cattle is decorated with cocks, most emblematically and tastefully arranged, and to all adds a fortune of 2000*l.* a year, and the distinguished and characteristic title of *Amateur of Fashion*. Thus ushered to public notice, his appearance could not but be hailed with the most *lively* attention, and his merits be received with the most *characteristic* applause. The gay Lothario is a very common term, as applied to the character, and Mr. Coates’s idca of gaiety and gallantry was evinced in a very playful manner to the attendant of Calista: he tickled her neck with his plume of feathers; shewed her his leg, and then writhed his shape into all the contortions and variety of the sly and subtle attitudes which might be suspected to characterize a negro courtship---stoicism itself must have been moved by his winning ways; the audience was enraptured. To follow him through each scene would be tedious, and we admit that we feel incapable of doing him justice by our remarks---sketch as we will, our portraiture will be but faint when compared with the original. However not to notice the applause which attended his dying scene, would be a dereliction of our duty towards the public, and to the merits of this *inimitable* performer. The thrust that laid him low raised the most unequivocal applause in the loudest shouts of transport; and when he died, so enamoured were his auditors of their hero, that they in vain wished him to *die* over again---in vain the loudest shouts of encore, the cry of cat-calls, the crowing of cocks---in vain the loud and varied yell: Mr. Coates was inflexible; his fame was established with the public; and he determined, if he must die again, to reserve that interesting event for another occasion.

After the above admirably performed drama succeeded Kenny’s farce of “*Raising the Wind,*” a piece happily selected for the occasion by Mr. Sims; and no doubt as an insinuating apology for the appearance of the *Amateur of Fashion*. This farce, which upon other occasions has not failed in its attractions, now “dragged its lazy length along” almost unintelligibly—Mr. Coates had promised his audience with a lecture upon hobbies—viz. the statesman’s hobby—the courtier’s, the soldier’s—the sailor’s, and his *own*—the greatest impatience was testified to hear it, and after an apology or two, the curtain drew up, and on tripped—what?—a light and flimsy figure,

a moon-beam shadow, clad in a scarlet military jacket, a travelling cap, with regulation feather, pantaloons, and stockings! Now be it known, that Mr. Coates plumes himself on a *fine leg*, which boots would naturally hide; and as he conceived it was necessary for him to *appear* in boots, so he very judiciously thought proper to apologize for being *without*, being determined that propriety of dress should give way to that gratification the *ladies* must feel on the display of the better part of his person—he with characteristic diffidence stepped to each of the side-boxes, and made his bow and apologies for *not* appearing in boots and spurs. The *Hobbies* was of the same *inimitable* species with his performance, and we should presume was the production of his very felicitous pen. The following lines are faintly upon our recollection, and are all that we could catch from the thundering clamours which attended the delivery of each line:

Lord Wellington's hobby in the time of wars  
Is *breeches*, ambuscadoes, and glorious scars;  
But when grim war no more his trade is,  
Why then his lordship's hobby is the ladies.

His own hobby he professed to be the amiable propensity of performing for the benefit of widows and orphans; and it ended with the patriotic declaration that if that was not circumstance strong enough to enrol him among the martyrs of charity, why then—he would perform for our brave allies the Russians! Bravo, Mr. Coates, bravo! bravo!

THE OPERA HOUSE, after a variety of vicissitudes, has at length devolved to the management of Mr. Waters, as executor to the late Mr. Gould, and its season has commenced. The decree of the chancellor has removed Taylor, and it is to be hoped the whole concern will move on better wheels than those which have hitherto upheld this ill-conducted machine; not that for our own parts we should feel the least concern at hearing that it was crazed beyond remedy, and that the fabric would fall never to rise again—we are not singular in our opinions, we have long considered it as the emporium of prostitution, the favoured depot of aliens and enemies to the government. The house opened on Tuesday the 19th, with the opera of “*Il Furbo contra Il Furbo*,” a piece possessing no other interest than that which Madame Catalani imparted to it; and even



that was not sufficient to render it deserving of repetition. Among the corps de ballet are some additions, rendering it highly respectable. Noble and Miss Lupino danced with uncommon grace ; the former is much improved since last season. Miss Mori, a young pupil of Angiolini's, was received with distinguished applause.

The THEATRES.—The great length of several articles of interest has compelled us to reserve our strictures on Coleridge's tragedy of "Remorse," and Jamieson's comedy of "the Students of Salamanca," until our next.

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### HEADS, WIGS, AND BRAINS!

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"He makes a rod for his own breech."

OLD PROVERB.

"This proverb is usually applied to such persons, who for the want of penetration into the consequence of things, and of the qualifications of knowing men, are often prevailed upon by the artifices of designing persons to do those things which will, in the consequence, sensibly affect themselves, while they design them only for others."—*Bailey's Dictionary.*

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Extract of a Letter from Gotham, dated January 29th, and signed "A ROD IN PICKLE."

*To the Editor of the Nottingham Gazette.*

Sir,

"In the last number of *the Scourge* there appeared, with the signature of Peter Pincher, a very impotent attack upon the prospectus of your paper ; and, in compliance with the request of several respectable inhabitants, it was reprinted in the last week's *Nottingham Journal*. Had it been confined to the *Scourge*, it might have been treated with silent contempt ; for it contained no argument, and very little meaning. We do seldom crush a gnat till it attempts to sting, but when it appears in the *Journal*, 'why this looks rebellion.' " Look---look at it, good reader---note it in your speeches, ye men of Nottingham---Oh this terrific gnat, which, when it gets into a newspaper "looks rebellion"---there's a potent attack for you---there's argument---there's meaning---Oh Tommy, Tommy !

The cuckoo-bush writer next proceeds in complimenting the editor of the Gazette upon his penning the *prospectus*, and continues: "Even this viper is afraid to hurt his teeth, and he surely pays your composition no small compliment when he can find but two subjects of cavil, the one a familiar expression which he has not the luck to understand, and the other an unavoidable repetition." *Delusive perfection* is the familiar expression alluded to; the attempt to attain such perfection has, he says, existed---about the time, I suppose, the *bird took wing from the bush*. And the public are gravely told that in addressing them, it is respectful for a man to call himself *we*. Again, "Peter's philippic, (*his impotent philippic*) indeed, seems modelled upon the eloquence of our ladies of Billingsgate. It has more rage than strength, more noise than sense." And you would wish to have it believed *it is impotent?—the feeble weapon falls without a wound!* Oh fie, Tommy; you must be whipped if you tell stories—it does hurt you—you are smarting to madness under the pinchings, otherwise you would not rave about such nasty and venomous things as gnats, (the stinging rebellious looking gnat in the newspaper) and viper, &c. &c. &c. Oh yes, had it been inserted only in the Scourge, a publication that perhaps not an hundred people in the county gain a sight of—it would have been snug enough to be sure—but to be held up in every village—to be posted in the pages of that *Journal*, which you say, "seems quietly descending, of its own accord, to the tomb of all the Capulets—Mercy upon us—the tomb of all the Capulets—there's argument—there's meaning.—Now, might the *impotent, gnattish, viperous, malignant, assish, Billingsgate PINCHER* presume to sport a seem—it would verily seem to him, that unless the *Heads, Wigs, and Brains* can furnish Tommy with a better weapon than a *Rod in Pickle*, his columns will be in danger of descending by reams, not indeed to the *tomb of all the Capulets*, but into the tomb of the food of all the nobility, gentry, &c. &c. So you have no doubt of its being Nottingham manufacture? It smells rankly of the shop. Now were I inclined to be ill-natured, I might animadvert upon the scent of shops, more especially the pestiferous stench attached to what issues from a COBBLER'S SHOP, the stall of a mangler and botcher of SOLES; but pity should be extended to those whose poverty of understanding is so conspicuously apparent. Alas,

Pincher, what a menagerie is here let loose upon thee—good folk, look at the tremendous catalogue. Imprimis, an ass—Item, a wolf—Item, a horse—Item, a bear skin—Item, a gnat—(walk in, ladies and gentlemen, walk in, and view the rebellious looking gnat)—Item, a viper—Item, a lion-cub, very peevish at present—Item, an—hum—what?—Oh aye, another ass; yes, yes, there are *two asses*, one a *laughing ass*, and t'other a *volunteering ass*—Item, Billingsgate ladies—Item, a porcupine with such quills!!! and lastly, though not the least, that potent auxiliary, the *stick of chastisement*. If I were not egg-full of the milk of human kindness, I think I should, in reality, be angry; but poor pious souls, I heartily pity you. What! launch out upon the turbulent ocean of the press in this crazy shallop, and with such hands aboard—mere swabbers! Are these thy mighty men, *Oh Gotham*?—the Lord protect thee, for vain is the help of those scribblers!

I hear a meeting is to be held, *at the old place*, of all the *Heads*, and all the *Wigs*, and all the *Brains*, to consult upon the propriety of providing Tommy's legs with a stout pair of elastic bandages to prevent his so frequently stumbling, and also a patent truss of the newest construction to—a hem—Thus may be fulfilled the saying, “*Who is to dade this ricketty bantling for a few weeks?*” Which saying was most assuredly spoken by the prophet

*Shop opposite the Cobbler's stall,  
Nottingham, Jan. 23d, 1813.*

PINCHER.



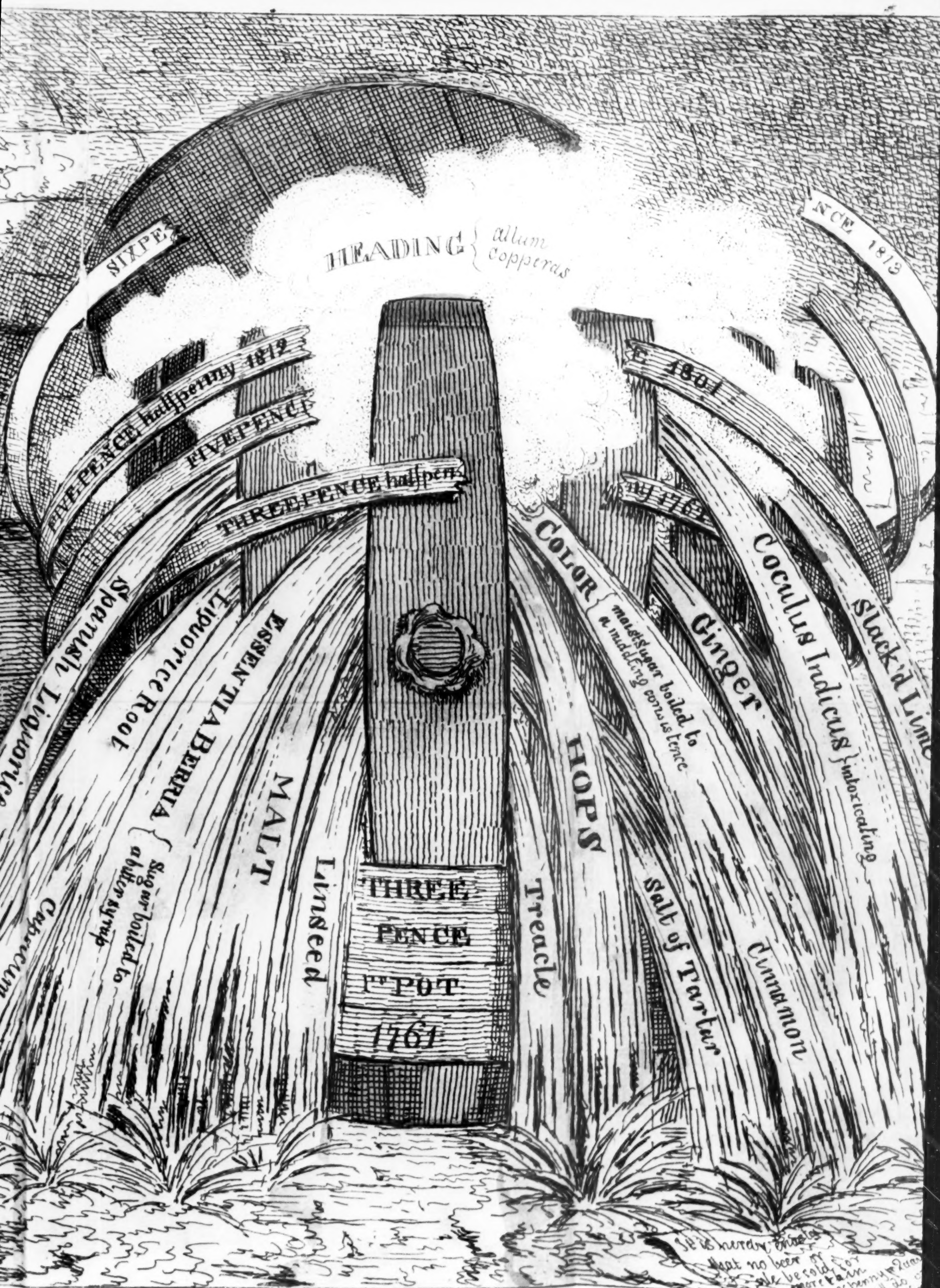


*Mercy on me what a compound. Bitter, Hot, Sweet, Salt,  
and stupifying am I paying sixpence a quart for! well as  
this silver Hoop going way has let me into the secret  
I hope it will benefit both purse and Constitution! by  
adopting a simpler beverage.*



JOHN BULL in the Cellar—the Bursting of





the SILVER HOOP or the Secret of Sixpenny Compound

Pubd March 1<sup>st</sup> 1813 by W. N. Jones





SILVER HOOP or the Secret of Sixpenny Compoun discover'd.